

The Academy and Literature

EDITED BY W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

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Notes

CONSIDERABLE difficulty has attended the awarding of the Monthly Competition prize, owing to the large number of interesting contributions sent in. The book selected for the next competition is one of such striking value that the number of words allowed to competitors has been increased from five to eight hundred. It should be borne in mind that much importance is attached to the amount of thought and originality shown in the review. This week also is printed the first of the papers by new writers, but on the whole the level of ability shown by contributors to this column has not been very high.

PROFESSOR FIRTH, who selected for the subject of his inaugural lecture at Oxford on November 9 "A Plea for the Historical Teaching of History," was pessimistic over both the present and future of historical knowledge. "Few people realise," he said, "how much is still to be done in every department of English history. Take, for example, the history of the last three or four centuries. In England the publication of materials has outstripped the capacity of our historical workmen to utilise them. If the story of our country is to be rightly told, the work needs the co-operation of many hands, above all of many skilled hands. But at present there is no place in England where men are properly trained for that work. They do very little at Oxford to train men for it; Oxford produces few historians and few genuine students of history." I agree implicitly with Mr. Firth as to the dearth of the real historical spirit at Oxford, but I would rather ascribe the reason to that exaggerated specialisation which he himself advocates and to the obtuseness of the Oxonian mind to the general ideas of comparative and analytical history. How puny and insignificant, for instance, does Freeman's elaborate record of the Norman Conquest appear when compared with such a masterpiece of sociology as Taine's "Histoire de la France Contemporaine," which lays bare not merely the external features but the very soul itself of the age of the French Revolution. It is instructive to remember that Taine was imbued to the core with the modern scientific spirit, and represented the extreme left wing of the thought of his day, while Froude and the majority of the Oxford historians, with the exception of the dry and pedantic Freeman, were reactionaries deeply influenced by the religious movements of their age.

THE recent controversy which has centred round Mr. Hall Caine's incorporation into his latest novel of an episode from Rossetti's life reminds me of the very

many novels which are founded on fact and represent real people. To quote merely a few, there is Miss Mowcher in Dickens' "David Copperfield," of



MISS JEANNETTE L. GILDER

[Editor of the New York "Critic"]

whom the story goes that on hearing of the original and less flattering draft of her character, she hastened in tears to the novelist and besought him not to make her quite so bad; he complied with her request, but the character suffered in proportion from an artistic point of view. Scott, again, in the "Heart of Midlothian," is avowedly drawing on actual fact, the story of Jeanie and Effie Deans being in reality the story of Helen Walker and her sister. The Marquis of Hertford has found his way to immortality by two gates, for he appears in "Vanity Fair" as the Marquis of Steyne and in "Coningsby" as Lord Monmouth. Disraeli's novels, "Vivian Grey" in particular, constitute an interesting portrait gallery of the celebrities of the time. First and foremost comes Croker, the Rigby of "Coningsby," then there are Isaac Disraeli as Horace Grey in "Vivian

Grey," Byron and Shelley as Cadurcis and Herbert in "Venetia," Lady Blessington as Zenobia, and Sarah Disraeli as Myra in "Endymion," Thackeray as St. Barbe in "Lothair," and so on. Lytton, also, makes the great Beau Brummell live again in the pages of "Pelham." To come to more modern times, Esmè Amarynth in Mr. Hichens' "Green Carnation" was but a living translation into print of a well-known writer of the day, while his "Pimpernel Schley," in the "Woman with the Fan," must surely to those who knew her be no other than one of the best-known figures in comic opera. But in reality it is practically inevitable for fiction to be based on fact; the imaginative quality does not so much create absolutely new facts and new characters as arrange old facts and characters in a new setting. How many portraits, also, must there be of originals who, unrecognised by the readers, are spared the necessity of blushing in the glorious luxury of a secret and obscure celebrity.

THE reading of an article in "The Times" on John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, reminds me of the comparatively small attention now paid to the Caroline poets. How few are the reprints which bring them from the shores of oblivion back again to life. Herrick is an isolated exception, but Rochester, Withers, Suckling, Carew, and Donne? Must it not be a poor and unintelligent taste which calls for new editions of second- and third-rate poems and leaves the Cavalier poets to languish unread? These were, if not great, yet considerable writers. The artistic elegance on which they plumed themselves in their lives is seen again in their verse, where passion was rather the inspiration of their measure than a real flame. But in spite of the orthodox levity of the period sincerity finds its way out; Carew, for example, exhales a virile and healthy eroticism. By far the most interesting of the school is Donne, the Carlyle of poetry, who exhibits in his bizarre and distorted intensity the workings of a powerful and sensitive spirit.

AN important addition to the literature of Cities and of Civics is about to be made by Messrs Geddes & Co., who will issue "City Development, a Study of Parks, Gardens, and Culture Institutes: a Report to the Carnegie Dunfermline Trust," by Professor Patrick Geddes. Professor Geddes has approached his task of designing the improvement of a city at once with local survey and with general ideas, thus his book will be found to appeal to citizen and city improver, municipal councillor and official, architect and gardener, educational and social worker &c., and to antiquary and to nature-lover.

AN Oxford edition of Shelley's poems is nearly ready for publication. It will contain material which has never yet been printed; the early poems first published in Professor Dowden's "Life of Shelley" but omitted from his edition of the poetical works, and all other poems which have appeared in any previous edition; and the important fragments recovered by Mr. C. D. Locock from the Bodleian MSS. The volume will be uniform with Canon Beeching's Oxford Milton, and will consist of about 1,000 pages, with three colotype illustrations, one the Bodleian portrait of Shelley, the other two facsimiles of his handwriting. Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, editor of the Oxford Wordsworth, has seen the new Shelley through the press, and he has supplied footnotes where the variant readings

are important, in addition to a few longer notes and a general preface.

THOSE interested in the history of London will be glad to hear that Messrs. Falkner are about to issue a limited edition of an historical atlas of London, which will contain reprints of rare and valuable maps selected from the Crace collection. The gem of the atlas will be the Faithorne map of 1658, recently acquired by the British Museum, of which the only other copy is in the National Library of Paris.

THE two novelties produced at the Symphony Concert of last Saturday were disappointing. Max Schilling's accompaniment to Von Wildenbruch's "Das Hexenlied" is uninteresting "incidental" music, and Hugo Wolf's symphonic poem "Penthesilea" attempts far more than it achieves. But the concert was memorable for a fine performance of Beethoven's C minor symphony; Mr. Wood's "reading" was occasionally a thought too dry and precise, lacking in suavity, but on the whole both he and his orchestra acquitted themselves admirably, with the exception that the brass would be more pleasing if more suave. It was pleasant to see the hall so well filled, but why—why is so much of our pleasure spoiled by the heavy, soporific atmosphere? Is ventilation a lost art?

I REGRET to announce the death last Saturday of Mr. Valentine Cameron Prinsep, R.A. Mr. Val Prinsep was born in 1838, and exhibited for the first time in the Royal Academy in 1862. In 1876 he went to India to paint the "Declaration of Queen Victoria as Empress of India." In 1879 he was elected an A.R.A., and R.A. in 1894.

Bibliographical

A NEW Thackeray "find" which has been contributed to "The Daily Chronicle" by Mr. Lewis Melville is extremely interesting, and would be even more so if the evidence were conclusively in favour of the letters to which attention is drawn having been written by Thackeray. That the evidence is strong is true, but I do not think that we can call it decisive. In January 1838 certain letters on "Old England" appeared in "The Times," and those letters are parodies of Carlyle's style. Thackeray—a very prince among parodists—was writing for "The Times" at that period, and had recently reviewed Carlyle's "French Revolution" in that journal. Such is the evidence, though it is perhaps strengthened by Carlyle's belief that Thackeray did write the letters; referring to them when writing to his brother he said, "It is that dog Thackeray (my Reviewer on the 'Times' . . .); he, I am persuaded and no other." Carlyle's ascription of them to Thackeray is apparently made on very much the same evidence as we have to-day; had he known of the authorship he would have spoken more decidedly. Judging from the letter cited the "Old England" series is, as Mr. Melville recognises, wholly unlike Thackeray's own style, but we cannot decide against their being his on that ground alone, for, skilful as he was, he could largely sink his own manner in an exaggeration of that of the man he was parodying, as he showed in "Codlingsby" and its companions. The "Letters" are doubly interesting, firstly as giving us an early parody of Carlyle, and secondly, in that they may have been written by Thackeray.

It is to be regretted, by the way, that the owners of newspapers and magazines should allow their old marked files to be destroyed. "The Times," it is stated, has not preserved its records of years earlier than 1856. What a fund of bibliographical information might be culled from the marked files of that journal for the first half of

other books are "Life of Cervantes"—in the Great Writers Series—(1891); "Spain: Being a Summary of Spanish History from the Moorish Conquest to the Fall of Granada (711-1492 A.D.)"—in the Story of the Nations Series—(1893, second edition 1897); Mr. Watts also contributed an essay on Quevedo to an illus-



THE BOARD ROOM, MESSRS. MACMILLAN & CO.

[Photo. Booker & Sullivan, Chancery Lane]

the nineteenth century! I have lately been studying the volumes of the old "London Magazine"—seeking to identify by means of internal evidence the work of various contributors—and have wished again and again that the copyright law, which demands copies of all publications for the British Museum and other great libraries, had also demanded the old marked files of important periodicals. Were such files transferable to the British Museum, say, after being kept in their offices for half a century, harm could come to no one by them, and literary history might gain considerably in its fund of authoritative information.

The death of Mr. Henry Edward Watts closely precedes the celebration of the tercentenary of the publication of his hero's best-known work. Mr. Watts will be remembered chiefly as an authority on Spanish literature. It is some years since he first published, in a limited edition, his memorable translation of "Don Quixote" (1888, revised 1895), the first of the five volumes of which dealt with the life and writings of Cervantes. Later that introductory volume was revised and enlarged and published separately as "Miguel de Cervantes: His Life and Works" (1895). Mr. Watts'

trated edition of that writer's comic romance "Pablo de Segovia."

In a somewhat dubiously worded announcement I see it stated that we are shortly to have the "Collected Poems" of Mr. William Watson, "selected" by Mr. J. A. Spender. "Collected" poems suggests completeness, while "selected" poems suggests incompleteness, so that it is a little difficult to see how the two terms are reconcilable.

Though the late Mr. Laurence Hutton wrote many books on a variety of subjects he will be best remembered by a series of works, the last of which, "The Literary Landmarks of the Scottish Universities," will shortly be published. That he covered a wide field is shown by a glance over the list of the series: "Literary Landmarks of London" (1885); "Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh" (1891); "Literary Landmarks of Jerusalem" (1895); "Literary Landmarks of Venice" (1896); "Literary Landmarks of Rome" (1897); "Literary Landmarks of Florence" (1897); "Literary Landmarks of Oxford" (1903). Excepting those on London and Oxford the books are small volumes of under a hundred pages.

WALTER JERROLD.

Reviews

The Holy City

INNER JERUSALEM. By A. Goodrich Freer. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

"THE HOLY CITY"! How much it means that this title should be bestowed on the same spot by three of Earth's greatest religions, though all based on the experiences of one small nation! Magic word! Thither trend, in honour of events from nearly two thousand to nearly four thousand years past, myriads of pilgrims from two of those divisions, and thither would have trended those of the third, but for the foresight of its founder in turning their attention from an alien land to his own. What other city in the world is there for which half the population of Europe would start to-morrow were some multi-millionaire to offer them free passes? How far behind it as a pilgrim centre stands its only rival, Mekka! Not all the sacred spots of India, even Benâres, can compare with it in widespread influence. Certainly not Budh-Gaya, cited in the work before us, to which, as to Benâres and Jerusalem, the present writer has been in his time a pilgrim.

Yet how hackneyed the facilities of modern travel have rendered the City of David, and how garish and ill-placed seem the strange incongruous Western buildings that disfigure the landscape! And how even the "gorgeous East" disenchants the new-comer when its realities are perceived at first hand without due comprehension. "Christianity!" said an old Scotch captain on the China seas to the writer one day: "I've done with that. I was brought up religious, mind you, and when I first reached the Levant I got leave to take a look at the Holy Land, as I had been taught it was. Holy Land! Why, I tell ye, mon, I never saw so many mangy dogs, or such filth before or since; and, says I, 'If *that's* your Holy Land, I've done with religion'!"

Miss Goodrich Freer's goodly tome is intended to set before the non-resident some idea of present-day Jerusalem, and she has succeeded, though her title, modelled after that of Lady Burton's "Syria," applies to but a portion of her work, the bulk of which has its roots in the British Museum, but is none the worse for that. What she has produced is a Jerusalem Miscellany, the contents of which—in the words of a Jerusalem school-boy's summary of "Leviticus," as quoted in her closing sentence—"are many things." All of them are good, however, though of varying quality: her personal observations easily ranking first, and the quotations being rather overdone; but when she explains the odour of the camel by a reference to the atmosphere of the National Reading Room at 4 P.M. in winter, every student who has shared her experience there and here will applaud.

The general reader with a hankering after the Holy City—El Kuds—should certainly read this book: it will take him there in fancy better than any guide-book which may supplement it. Many dragoman fictions reflected in countless books—such as that the Dome of the Temple Rock is the Mosque of Omar, or that green turbans denote Mohammed's descendants—will be dissipated, and tourists will learn how, in some measure, to avoid disgracing themselves, their countries and their creeds, in the eyes of the natives. Pilgrims, the devout, they can understand, and even the "cranks" for whom this is indeed a "happy home," but the trot-about tripper, the leash-led gaper—smuggest of the smug at home, and yearning to be thought "in society,"—they

cannot make out, so content themselves with treating them as silly sheep and fleecing them.

Another class coming in for scathing remarks not always deserved, but mainly reflected from the so-called "American Colony" of Spaffordites, are the missionaries, most of whom had far better be somewhere else. The scoffer, lacking an intelligent interest in the subject, will be led astray by these remarks, but they are earnestly commended to the supporters of missions. It is so easy to collect funds for expenditure in a holy city that not only is the Jewish element demoralised by pauperisation, but the Christian element is overburdened with institutions and foreigners where a few native fakirs like the original disciples are alone needed. Nowhere is the failure of attempts to graft Western notions on an Eastern creed and plant the result in the primitive soil more apparent than in Jerusalem.

A chapter which possesses a special interest at the present time is that on Russia in Jerusalem, and certainly nothing strikes the visitor more, from the moment the great tower is sighted till that in which one stumbles into the midst of a Muscovite pilgrim crowd. Indeed, several of the leading powers of Europe appear in a new light here, as France, the protector of the Latins (Roman Catholics)—a rôle pursued also in China and elsewhere; but it is a mistake to regard their right of judging their own subjects a matter of Turkish courtesy. It is an old treaty concession, in part the only condition on which Europeans could be safe to settle in the country, and in part wrung from the Porte in the form of "capitulations"; Miss Freer is also mistaken in thinking that cases are tried in the court of the plaintiff's country, instead of in that of the defendant's. The treatment of Jews by Mohammedans, too, is by no means so generally good as the author infers from her Jerusalem experience, and there are parts yet in which a Jew dare not ride a horse in town or before an important Mohammedan, as in Morocco.

Much that she describes as "inner" of Jerusalem is common to the Mohammedan world, and the familiar "first-letters-home" description of it as "topsy-turvy-land" might have been improved upon. The account of the Spafford Colony, though derived at first hand, lacks important details, and two facts which would have added interest are that the object of the original party was to "sit on the wall" awaiting the second coming of Christ, and that the well-known hymn in Sankey's collection, "When peace, like a river, attendeth my soul," was written by the foundress when so tragically bereft of her children. "Waldmeier's Asylum" is hardly an adequate designation for the "Lebanon Hospital," and at the foot of page 24 is a blunder requiring a medical practitioner to indicate.

One notable fault the book has, that the chapters having been intended for separate publication, no pains have been taken to eliminate repetitions or to assimilate spellings; but to explain the cause of the former, or to excuse the latter because "the transliteration of Arabic tends to follow that of the special author or particular language which is one's unit of thought for the moment," is certainly not "to disarm criticism," as the author supposes. And why should the "I" of experience pose as the editorial "we"? The publishers deserve some criticism, too, for shirking the expense in such a volume of enlarging "snapshots" to something like the proportions of the plates on which they appear.

BUDGETT MEAKIN.

The Happy Isles

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS. Painted by Henry B. Wimbush. Described by Edith F. Carey. (Black. 20s. net.)

WHEN our eyes stray from the book upon our knee to the window of the study they meet with the dreary sights of winter, a dull, clouded sky that gives no hint of the sun behind, bare trees swaying restlessly at the bidding of a wintry breeze. All is grey and ugly outside. We hasten to seek cheerier scenes, and in a few seconds we are among sunny, smiling landscapes, where the sky is blue and the sea glitters in the sun. For Mr. Wimbush has depicted the Channel Islands, those "morceaux de France tombés à la mer et ramassés par l'Angleterre," at their very best, when the flowers make gay their fields and the summer is at its zenith. Who shall blame the artist's choice, when it is so abundantly justified? The pictures are delightful in their gaiety, their glowing colours bring warmth to our chilled imagination; they are, indeed, a veritable feast of sunshine and beauty. The artist has been peculiarly successful with his seascapes; his "Breakers off Jethou Island," "Noirmont Point," "Les Autelets, Sark," to mention three particularly, are fine. But we must protest against the frontispiece, which is not worthy of the artist. It is a pity that so good a book should make its bow to the reader or hesitating purchaser with so conventional and misleading a picture. So unprepossessing a salutation may well hinder better acquaintance.

Not only are the illustrations good, but Miss Edith F. Carey has done her work well. She has a good subject, out of which it would surely be well nigh impossible to take all the colour and romance. However, she has done more than mere justice to it. She writes as though it were a labour of love. She deplures, as we all do, the devastating hand of man that has laid low many an interesting cromlech, and used for building purposes such old landmarks as the huge logan, the rocking-stone which was once one of the sights of Jersey. The superstitious awe of the peasantry has preserved to us still a few of those records of the early inhabitants, called pouquelayes, which legend says are the haunts of fairies and evil spirits. Once there were over fifty of these interesting relics to be found in Jersey alone, to-day they have nearly all disappeared, though it is amusing to read in "Prehistoric Remains in the Channel Islands" that "two have been restored after the ideas of a reverend amateur." These islands are singularly rich in folklore, many quaint legends which Miss Carey relates, many old beliefs of Pagan days. Indeed, reading the book one is struck anew with amazement that so few know this beautiful group of islands or wish to visit their shores. Nor are the islands lacking in historical interest and romance. The great families whose castles and homesteads have stood for many hundreds of years have each their history, in many cases exciting and picturesque. The history of the principal fiefs, by which much of the property is still held, though in revised forms, is full of interest to the student of mediæval ways and manners. The story of the de Carteret family, who own the picturesque old manor house of St. Ouen, with its Roman moat and Norman keep, is perhaps the most striking. It was a member of this family, it will be remembered, who, it is con-

jured, bore a son to Charles II. while he was in Jersey, the son who was afterward known as James de la Cloche. Conjecture, we say, for the truth has not "out" yet, and probably never will. The picture of the fascinating young Prince on the Island of Jersey, popular with all by reason of his Stuart charm of manner, and loved by the beautiful Marguerite for his unhappy fortunes, commends itself to the weaver of romance. No prettier setting to such a story could be



THE SECRET OF THE DAY

[Illustration from "My Devon Year" (Methuen)]

found than the house and grounds of Trinity Manor, which now "stands empty and desolate, the paths are overhung with rank unpruned bushes, mosses and lichens encrust the old stone cross under which the heart of a de Carteret lies buried, and the vampire ivy embraces the grey granite walls, spectators of so many revels in bygone days." We cannot imagine a more agreeable companion for a summer ramble around the islands than the book before us, and it will surely inspire many to visit them who have never heard tell of the charms of these sea-fringed gardens, where the pixies still dance, for do we not still find there their *rouettes des fétiaux* and their little pipes with fairylike bowls? We may, an we will, be transported by an unfairylike but useful steamboat to spend a few weeks in the alluring misty past, to hold converse with the cromlech builders, to listen to the piping of the fairies, and watch

"The murmuring surge
That on th' unnumber'd pebbles chafes."

FLORENCE TEIGNMOUTH SHORE.

A Practical Naturalist

CREATURES OF THE SEA. By Frank Bullen. (R.T.S. 7s. 6d. net.)

THIS is the sort of book which the reviewer picks up and lays down for many days before, in a mood of resignation, he decides to tackle it. Or, rather, it is *not* that sort of book. On the contrary, when once we had taken the plunge, we found Mr. Bullen's element a very pleasant environment, and its inhabitants full of interest. The author writes of what he knows at first hand. Even then his work would be much less attractive than it is had he not also studied his subject in the text-books. The result is a volume which is good sound reading from first to last. Very few naturalists indeed, we should fancy, can have anything like so extended a practical experience of their subject as has Mr. Bullen; and his manner enhances the interest inherent in his matter.

The only controversial chapter in the book is perhaps the most interesting. It deals with the sea-serpent of fact and fable, and Mr. Bullen is to be congratulated on his clear and complete discussion of the subject on which so many excellent people are inclined to disagree with naturalists. Very effective is the illustration which shows how one famous sea-serpent was probably derived from the appearance of a sulphur-bottom whale. To Mr. Bullen's arguments we may perhaps add that from the morphology of the vertebrates. No vertebrate animals known possess more than two pairs of limbs, and the comparative anatomist is therefore very slow to believe in accounts of sea-serpents with several pairs, especially as no portion of the skeleton of these supposititious beasts has ever been seen.

We should like to hear a great deal more about Mr. Bullen's observation that the bonito is a warm-blooded fish.

With his lucid and graphic descriptions—we would add accurate, but that the word would be an obvious impertinence—Mr. Bullen co-mingles a certain measure of philosophy. We do not mind so much his rather amusing reference to the time when the land rose out of the sea at the creation, but we cannot avoid some amazement at the perfect ease and trust with which the author refers us, again and again, to the wonderful ways of God, His admirable provisions and care, without anywhere appearing to recognise the difficulties that beset this subject. From cover to cover this volume is necessarily full of murder. The beautiful suckers of the cuttlefish, the superb teeth of the shark, the bayonet of the swordfish, are all destined to squeeze or tear or thrust the life out of some sentient thing. Surely Mr. Bullen owed it to his readers somewhere to meet Mill's terrible indictment of nature as a vast slaughter-house—an indictment of which this volume furnishes so many proofs. No reader can more earnestly than the present reviewer sympathise with the wish to attribute justice and benevolence to the Supreme Cause; but if, as appears evident, such attribution can be made only on the assumption that what we call justice and benevolence are not so save in our eyes, surely it would be more honest frankly to confess that *our* terms are not applicable to Nature. "When we think of the myriads of years of the Earth's past, during which have arisen and passed away low forms of creatures, small and great, which, murdering and being murdered, have gradually evolved, how shall we answer the question, 'To what end?'" Mr. Bullen does not accept the doctrine of evolution; but does the creationist find this question of its founder any easier to answer? C. W. SALEEBY.

A Happy Inspiration

THE POEMS OF DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI. With Illustrations from his own Pictures and Designs. Edited by W. M. Rossetti. Vol. I. (Ellis & Elvey. 32s. net per set.)

IT is indeed rare for genius, that is unfortunately often hampered by a certain difficulty of articulation, to be gifted with the double power of expressing itself with equal force in verbal and pictorial language. That privilege was, however, given to Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and for this reason his work has seldom been adequately judged as a whole; some of his biographers treating him chiefly as an artist, others as a writer. His brother William, however, who knew him more intimately perhaps than anyone else, has from first to last recognised the interdependence of his great gifts, and it was indeed a happy inspiration that led him to prepare the delightful edition of Dante's poems, of which one volume has just appeared, illustrated with reproductions of several of his paintings and drawings. Prefaced by the deeply interesting and trustworthy biography that has already appeared in connection with the poet's "Collected Works" the book, when complete, will afford an excellent all round picture of the man of letters and the painter. "Few brothers," says Mr. William Rossetti, "were more constantly together or shared one another's feelings more intimately in childhood, boyhood, and well on into mature manhood, than Dante Gabriel and myself." The ties that bound them together were so strong that none of the strange vagaries that alienated so many of the poet's friends during the last years of his suffering life ever really loosened them, or shook the loyalty to kinship that is so marked a characteristic of the family to which he belonged.

Of the illustrations, all in true photogravure, of this most beautiful publication, none is more satisfactory than that of "The Blessed Damsel," now for the first time reproduced by permission of the Trustees of the late Dyson Perrins. One of several pictorial interpretations of the same theme, it catches the very spirit of the poem that describes how the fair maiden, unable to be happy even in Paradise without the man she loved, "leaned out from the gold bar of Heaven . . . the wonder not yet quite gone from that still look of hers," whilst beneath her and her fellow-choristers lies the mourning suitor, gazing up yearningly after his lost one with his hands clasped above his head in a gesture of agony. Very fine also is the "Head of Dante" after a drawing in the possession of Mr. William Rossetti, that seems to realise in its dejected pose and deep melancholy of expression the feelings of the exile of Verona when he wrote "how salt his food who fares upon another's bread; how steep his path who treadeth up and down another's stairs."

The "Pandora," though the plate has evidently been too much worked on, is a good translation of Rossetti's forcible realisation of the virile strength and beauty of the primæval maiden, who still holds clenched in her hands unopened the casket in which "Hope is pent." "La Bella Mano," for which the poem accompanying it was written, well interprets the masterly original design, in which the passion of the central figure, who seems to yearn for "heart hantelling in a lover's hand," contrasts with the innocent wistfulness of her attendant maidens, and the "Seed of David," after the centre of the famous Llandaff Triptych, does full justice to one of Rossetti's best sacred pictures. The face of the Virgin, for which Miss Burden, the future Mrs. William Morris, posed, and that of the Divine Child, who seems

already to know the meaning of suffering, are especially beautiful. As a matter of course the well-known "Girlhood of Mary Virgin" and the "Ecce Ancilla Domini" are also given, the former as an accompaniment to the poem written specially for it, the latter as an illustration of the remarkable "Ave" that sums up in language of extraordinary force the very essence of the Roman Catholic doctrine of the divinity of Mary, giving to her whom Rossetti has represented in his painting as a shrinking and essentially human maiden, the transcendent titles of "Headstone of Humanity," "Groundstone of the Great Mystery."

NANCY BELL.

Verses

A HARVEST OF CHAFF. By Owen Seaman. (Constable. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE GATE OF SMARAGDUS. By Gordon Bottomley. (Elkin Mathews. 10s. net.)

BLANCHEFLEUR THE QUEEN. By Ashmore Wingate. (Lane. 5s. net.)

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. Rendered into English verse by James Rhoades. (Chapman & Hall. 5s. net.)

WATER OF MARAH. By Cecil Stafford. (Greening. 2s.)

AVE REGINA, AND OTHER POEMS. By Hugh Macnaghten. (Allen. 3s. 6d. net.)

HEINOUS though it may be to put the comic before the serious muse, we yet make no apology for it when serious poetry is represented by no prominent name, while the lighter muse finds so distinguished a champion as that of Mr. Owen Seaman. Mr. Seaman is easily at the head of his craft, the most brilliant writer of feather-heeled verse since Calverley. Indeed, the sole thing which can be said against him is that he derives nakedly and unashamedly from that most original master. The present volume, "A Harvest of Chaff," has a certain interest of curiosity beyond that attaching to any book bearing Mr. Seaman's name. For, unlike the volumes which made his reputation, it is a "Punch" collection. It is composed of the pieces which Mr. Seaman has contributed to "Punch" since he joined the staff of that paper. One is interested to observe how his nimble and brilliant gift has been affected by the necessity of writing to order and periodically; a trying necessity for the readiest, most fertile, and most agile writer. Well, it cannot be said that Mr. Seaman has been unaffected by it. He retains his feattiness, his address, his craftsmanship, his light, sportive, and perceptive mockery. But the bulk of these verses is notably thinner than of old. Without being laboured, they are evidently more casual, less zestful and winged—in a word, less inspired than his best previous work. For inspiration is by no means confined to serious verse. They are felicitous in a more tenuous fashion, which does not take us by the old quick surprise. One has a sense that the material is husbanded and made the most of. Some of the best things in the book are those where he drops into parody; he has a tendency to become more and more the mocking-bird (which has always been peculiarly his strength). Yet there are occasional pieces in which he exhibits all but his best vein of deft and easy banter; and when every allowance has been made for comparative inferiority to himself, it remains a volume facilely ahead of all rivals and imitators.

Of the other versifiers in the batch now before us whose aim is serious, Mr. Gordon Bottomley seems to us clearly best. His "Gate of Smaragdus" is a most

decorative volume in *format*: especially attractive are the numerous and artistic drawings of Mr. Clinton Balmer. But we saddenedly protest against the whim



"LE COLLECTIONNEUR"

[Reduced illustration from "Daumier and Gavarni" ("The Studio")]

which has printed all the poems in small capitals throughout. We do not know that capitals are conspicuously more decorative than ordinary small type;

while we are painfully aware that it is anguish and slow travail to read poems thus printed. On the whole, we prefer the Gothic type of German books: nay, we prefer the new Greek type which has dismayed readers of a certain Homer. The decorative quality of the book extends to the verse. It is just what one looks for to accompany these achievements of decorative book-making. It is coloured, pictorial, graphic—decorative artistry in words; it has considerable fancy and power of vivid imagery; it is poetry in its kind and measure. But it is as void of emotional, dramatic, or intellectual power as the bulk of modern decorative art.

How much else it might have lacked is shown by comparison with Mr. Ashmore Wingate's "*Blanchefleur*," which is simply a lengthy exercise in the Pre-Raphaelite school best represented by the early poems of Mr. William Morris, having nothing of its models but the archaic diction and the decorative mediævalism. Better than this is Mr. James Rhoades' "*Little Flowers of St. Francis*," which (from the character of the original) has more of the essential spirit of poetry, though it is not poetry, and is, to our mind, a mistake. Mr. Rhoades has rendered the lovely, childlike prose of the "*Pioretta*" into English blank-verse—and very poor blank-verse. The translation is good, as literal as verse would allow; and might have been much better had it been in prose, as it should have been. But the medium is so palpably wrong, so palpably strained, artificial, and incongruous, that it destroys much of one's pleasure in the reading.

As for Mr. Stafford's "*Waters of Marah*" and Mr. Macnaghten's "*Ave Regina*," they belong to one and the same class, Mr. Stafford's being a little the better. They are both work with a competent sense of form and ability of execution, a not unusual measure of poetic feeling, a not unusual strain of reflectiveness, undistinguished by any force of imagination or emotion, any fertility of fancy, or even that dexterity of pictorial diction which is nowadays as common as instrumental cleverness. It is fair and respectable verse, but not more.

Fiction

SIR ROGER'S HEIR. By Frankfort Moore. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.) Sir Roger, who plays a picturesque part in Mr. Frankfort Moore's novel, is none other than the great Sir Roger de Coverley himself. Sir Roger's heir, William, is the only son of his sister Rowena, who married Jonathan Sentrey—much to Sir Roger's disgust. William Sentrey at the opening of the story is away fighting, gaining honourable mention in the gazette issued after the battle of Ramillies, but he has left his heart behind him in the keeping of a certain Betty Arable, a charmingly winsome figure. The love affairs of Betty and William do not run smoothly, or Mr. Frankfort Moore would not have given us this novel. There is a marriage in the Fleet whereby the hero is perforce separated from his lady-love, and Betty cries her pretty eyes red. But it all turns out to be a mistake, and with the help of Sir Roger everything becomes smooth sailing for the young couple. It is a pretty enough tale, full of incident and adventure. Sir Roger de Coverley is not perhaps the figure our imagination painted, but he is sufficiently attractive. The heroine is dainty and sweet enough to win the hearts of many readers. The widow with the pretty hands, who invokes heaven's aid in the management of her daughter, is one of the best-drawn characters in the book. Graceful without being namby-pamby, pretty without being affected.

THE OTHER SON. By Ella MacMahon. (Chapman & Hall, 6s.) An interesting book in spite of a somewhat hackneyed plot and a style of writing irritating in the ex-

treme at times. We have heard so often of the younger brother who takes up an elder brother's sin and bears its consequences of banishment and disgrace in order to save a more favoured and beloved son from dishonour. In this case Frank Bretton gives up love, name, and all that makes life worth living in order to save his brother Hugh's name from disgrace in their father's eyes. Hugh is dead, but his memory is revered by his father and the woman beloved by both brothers as is the memory of a saint, and so it is only to save a ghost's good name that the living man goes out into darkness and oblivion. So cleverly has the author worked out this idea that a sacrifice quixotic and improbable on the face of it seems quite reasonable and necessary. Frank Bretton joins the French army in Algiers, and in the course of his interesting adventures comes across the daughter of his old love and finds his lost happiness in her hands. The course of their love is smoothed and the path made clear to an unsatisfactory reconciliation with his dying father by the good offices of a staunch friend of his youth. Not a great book, but very readable, although at critical points the author drops into a staccato style, expressing ideas in ridiculously short sentences for pages at a time, in a fashion distinctly jerky and annoying.

THE LOVERS OF LORRAINE. By S. Walkey. (Cassell, 6s.) Sir Gilbert Parker has reconstructed for us the brilliant activity, the fierce excitement, the stress and storm of that period in history which saw the passing of Canada from the dominion of France to the dominion of England. So well has he done it, such a glamour has he cast over it that he has made it doubly difficult for any one following in his steps, and romances like "*The Lovers of Lorraine*" fall flat indeed—yes, they fall flat, in spite of the beautiful heroine, the fascinating adventuress, the gallant hero, and the supremely wicked villain, in spite of the rustling silks and satins, the gleaming jewels, the everlasting glitter and rattle of sword-blades. The plot deals with the efforts of an English noble with a French name—the Marquis de Greville—to win over the famous Count Frontenac to William of England. The French adventuress, who in the first chapter is described as "taking her harpsichord" and "lightly touching the strings," falls from love to hate with surprising rapidity, and after committing all sorts of treacherous acts makes up her mind, in a pathetic speech of three-and-a-half lines at the end, to retire into a convent. The hero is always fighting, when he is not picking up swooning ladies in his arms and carrying them quite long distances. The villain swears he will possess the heroine, and stops at no wickedness to accomplish his end, but we know quite well he will never succeed, the hero is so invincible. The book is dubbed a "romance"; so it is a romance—of a sort.

JIM MORTIMER, SURGEON. By R. S. Warren Bell. (Newnes, 3s. 6d.) At a first glance "*Jim Mortimer, Surgeon*," appears to halt uncomfortably between farce and earnest, but after a time a sufficiently human and real story disengages itself from the mass of not very amusing drolleries. Jim, otherwise known as "the Long 'Un," is the typical medical student of fiction. It is his mission in life to get into scrapes and the mission of his closest friend, familiarly dubbed "Koko," to help him out of them. A particularly lively escapade lands Jim in the police court and decides his severe grandfather to cast him off. The young surgeon passed from St. Matthew's Hospital to a dispensary in a very poor neighbourhood, and here he has a chance to prove the sterling manhood which underlies his carelessness. Of course there is a love story, but romance is not Mr. Warren Bell's strong point, and Miss Dora Maybury is not a very satisfactory or convincing heroine. On the other hand, her father, the ruined manufacturer, who keeps through all his ill-paid drudgery the instincts of a gentleman and who plays Don Quixote at inconvenient moments is a pathetic study. Miss Bird, too, the sharp-tongued spinster with her lonely heart, is decidedly life-like. The attractiveness of the story lies in this quality of human sympathy, for we are not much in doubt as to how the plot will work out, and foresee with equanimity Jim's escape from the

hooligans, Dora's release from her undesirable engagement, and the final appearance of a pacified grandfather. Jim has by that time turned out such a manly fellow that, like the students of "Matts," we rejoice in his happiness.

TWO QUEENSLANDERS AND THEIR FRIENDS. By Frances Campbell. (De La More Press, 3s. 6d.) A charming collection of sketches strung on a thin chain of incidents which can hardly be called a continuous story. These pictures of Queensland life seen through an English—or, rather, an Irish—girl's eyes were well worth collecting from the columns of the "Westminster Gazette"—in which they appeared serially—and publishing in book form. They afford pleasant reading, and introduce us to the softer and more social side of Bush life; indeed, the author has laid her colours on so glowingly that we must confess to suspecting her of idealising what is, after all, a rough-and-ready existence at the best of times. The best is made of the effects of scenery, and very little is seen of the actual work-a-day life on a big Bush station. We only see the "boys" off duty, as it were, and a most engaging set they are, we must confess. From the brave, self-sacrificing Bishop, and the big-hearted Irish "Doctor Bob," through the long list of characters ending in "Chinkey Long," the Chinese cook, every one is charming in his or her own particular fashion. Mimi and Joe are quite the dearest children we have met for a long time, and even the dogs and cats are quite acquisitions in the way of acquaintances, and we should be sorry to have missed one of them. The author has a distinct gift, both of humour and pathos, and a refreshing power of turning everybody's best side outwards.

Short Notices

DAUMIER AND GAVARNI. By H. Frantz and O. Uzanne (edited by C. Holme). ("Studio" Autumn Number, 5s. net.) Among all the precautions taken by the advisers of "the bourgeois king," Louis Philippe, to safeguard the unpopular Restoration from its many and active enemies after the downfall of Napoleon and Imperial France, there was probably not a thought given to the danger of the drawing of pictures on the lithographic stone; but when the Revolution of 1848 swept away for ever the last hopes of the Royalists and brought the Crown with a clatter to the ground, there was probably no man of the King's advisers but would have said, with the agony of experience, that the drawing of caricature upon stone had done almost more than anything else to destroy the royal house of France. And of all the brilliant men whom the strange egotistical genius of Charles Philippon gathered about him to destroy those that were in the seats of the mighty there was no man whose trenchant satire and bitter jibes did more to sweep away the corrupt royal house of France than Honoré Daumier. Yet, when one flips through the examples of his genius here displayed in the Autumn Number of "The Studio," one wonders where was the sting that lay in these somewhat tepid things. Old caricature is like cast-off clothes, a source of wonder that it once passed for finery. One gazes in astonishment at these drawings on the stone, amazed that the man who wrought them could have suffered imprisonment for such a little thing. What was a bitter gibe to Louis Philippe looks now but a thin affair. Indeed, one hesitates to accept his biographer's high estimate of Daumier on this evidence. Gavarni, too, suffered imprisonment, but, characteristically enough, the gay butterfly, the betrayer of women, the extravagant cheerful dandy, suffered for his own debts—not to save the people. In his work is a higher technical artistry; he touches, too, the larger, less parochial humanities. Yet his was a cynical, laughing, ne'er-do-weel intellect, compared with which the virile, forceful and noble motives of Daumier's passionate appeal are as the thunder of the heavens to a tin whistle. But even in the examples of Gavarni's art here displayed there is not a very happy choice, unless, perhaps, the end ones from the Beardsley

collection. The collector should collect only the very best of Gavarni's lithographs, and the resulting effect will leave a far higher sense of achievement to his credit than is given by the promiscuous group here set forth. And, strange to say, the velvety and rich value of his best lithographic work is scarcely even suggested in this otherwise most interesting survey of the genius of these two men. By the way, does Octave Uzanne really expect us to swallow his cynical and brutal estimate of Gavarni's betrayal of women; and does he really think that Gavarni's affection for his mother and father atones for his pitiless treatment of every girl and woman who committed the sad mistake of being fascinated by him and of trusting him? Gavarni thought he aped the gentleman as long as he wore "lemon-coloured gloves"—and the world is as often deceived as was Gavarni. This book does noble service in showing Daumier's great gifts as a painter—he was indeed a master.

BROOKE HOUSE, HACKNEY. By Ernest A. Mann. (Committee for the Survey of the Memorials of Greater London, 15s.) This Committee is certainly doing excellent and necessary work, which should receive the support of all those who love old London. Brooke House is a most interesting relic of bygone days, which it is to be hoped will long be preserved from the housebreaker. It has been owned by many famous men and women—by Henry Algernon Percy, sixth Earl of Northumberland; by Sir Henry Carey, Lord Hunsdon; by Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox, grandmother of King James I., and by Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke. Though many changes have taken place in the buildings Mr. Mann rightly says: "It will be seen that we are dealing with no ordinary structure, and that the long line of successive royalties, courtiers, gallants, wits, and statesmen, with whose careers the ancient manor and manor-house have been for so many centuries coincident, and whose history is so clearly defined and recorded, should make it one of the chief glories of this once royal suburb, a treasure-house of sentiment and beauty, and as one of the last surviving remnants of the past, and the only baronial mansion in the neighbourhood, to be religiously preserved." The illustrations are copious and very good. Altogether a work to be treasured.

JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE. By H. G. Atkins. (Methuen, 3s. 6d.) The principal defect of Professor Atkins' biography of Goethe is indicated by himself in a sentence: "This short biography of Goethe is intended to deal rather with the author's life than with his works." Goethe's life is interesting and important, no doubt, but his works are much more so, and the English reader is much more in need of the intelligent guidance to "Faust" and "Wilhelm Meister" which Mr. Atkins is excellently qualified to afford than of a repetition of particulars often narrated already. It is not that the biographical part of the volume is not ably executed; all would have been well if Professor Atkins' necessarily restricted plan had allowed the remainder to be executed with equal fulness: but we cannot profess to be satisfied with a biography which assigns 103 pages to Goethe's immature twenty-six years previous to his settlement at Weimar and only 68 to his period of sovereignty over the European world of letters. Either the book should have been executed on a larger scale, or it should be supplemented by such a literary handbook or primer as has been accorded to Tennyson and Browning.

EUROPE AND THE FAR EAST. By Sir Robert K. Douglas. (Cambridge University Press, 7s. 6d.) The author of this very useful volume is not only learned but lucid, and is gifted with a striking ability of summarising. It is no easy task to write history in little without being dry or confused or both, but Sir Robert Douglas has in 424 pages written a clear, sound and interesting account of a very big subject. European relations with the East, with China, Japan, Annam, Burma, Korea and Tibet have always been difficult to follow, but this excellent little work sets forth affairs in a manner which can be understood by the novice and which will prove of no little use to the learned. Anyone who

would rightly understand the history that is now being made in the Far East should read carefully this learned yet perspicuous short history.

THE IMPERIAL GUIDE TO INDIA, INCLUDING KASHMIR, BURMA, AND CEYLON. (Murray, 6s. net.) This is a brief yet comprehensive guide to our Indian Empire and supplies a want. Not only does it contain brief accounts of all the places and sights of interest throughout the length and breadth of India, but it gives, as far as possible, the names of hotels, clubs, banks and chemists. The introduction, also, with its notes on routes, voyage, clothing, bedding, railways, expenses, camp life, medicine and sport should prove invaluable to those who visit India for the first time; as should the table of selected Hindustani words and phrases. An admirable feature of the volume is the number of excellent coloured illustrations and maps. The book is printed on good paper and tastefully bound; altogether one of the best of its kind.

Reprints and New Editions

Reprints have poured in this last week—poetry, essays, and novels in abundance. For it is a good season of the year for the sale of reprints. Now, when we have the long winter evenings to while away, and the companionship of a book read by the cheery warmth of a good fire is more alluring than anything outside the four walls of the house, now does the dainty, long coveted reprint allure. Who that has wanted JOSEPH ANDREWS would not succumb to Messrs. Hutchinson's Classic Novels edition, published at the absurdly small price of 1s. 6d.? I like this edition very much, serviceable volumes tastefully bound and withal inexpensive enough to suit the slenderest pocket.—Another cheap novel is Trollope's THREE CLERKS (New Pocket Library, Lane, 2s. and 1s. 6d. net). It will be remembered that the heroine of this story, Kate Woodward, was Trollope's favourite among all the characters in his novels.—For a stirring sensational story there is Miss Braddon's HENRY DUNBAR (the Author's Edition, Simpkin, 2s. 6d.), which will certainly speed an evening merrily.—I am glad to see that the charming if somewhat morbid book, THE INVISIBLE PLAYMATE, by William Canton, has been reprinted by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton (3s. 6d.). It is excellently printed and is a pleasure to handle. The frontispiece, by Mr. C. E. Brock, might conceivably cause a fond but unknowing aunt to buy this book as a present for a little niece! Her consternation on perusing the book would be amusing to witness.—Now, from novels to geography. First-class geography it is too: Mr. J. Rhys' CELTIC BRITAIN (S.P.C.K., 3s.), of which every student knows. It is now in its third edition, having been first published twenty-two years ago. It has, however, since that time been very thoroughly revised, and is now absolutely up-to-date. A much-needed and very welcome reprint.—An unpretentious but neat volume is CARLYLE'S ESSAY ON BURNS (Blackie, 1s.), containing a biographical and critical introduction as well as notes. The introduction is very well done. The writer, in summing up, says: "Whether we look on him with Professor Tyndall as a great teacher, or with Professor Huxley as a great tonic, the opinion of Lowell, next to what John Sterling has said, will remain the truest—that Carlyle, lacking only the formative instinct to be a great poet, is the profoundest critic and the most dramatic imagination of modern times."—The issue of Evelyn's LIFE OF MARGARET GODOLPHIN (De La More, 2s. 6d. net) before me is, I note, a modernised version of the *editio princeps* prepared by Bishop Wilberforce for publication in 1847. The frontispiece is also a reproduction from the same edition of the picture at Wotton referred to by John Evelyn, supposed by many to be the work of Gaspar Netscher during his visit to England. Margaret Godolphin did not live long, but she certainly lived long enough to endear herself greatly to the chatty diarist. In reading this life one is led to wonder if we have such marvels of perfection among us nowadays, or, if we have, do they conceal their godliness in order to be "in the fashion"? That this volume appears among the King's Classics speaks for itself, for this series is too

well known and appreciated to need any praise of mine. I gratefully place it among my books.—It seems strange to handle a reprint the original of which was written in 390 B.C. Yet such is XENOPHON'S MEMORABILIA OF SOCRATES, now appearing in the Temple Classics (Dent, 1s. 6d. net). There is an excellent frontispiece, and the whole format is admirable. One of our best series of reprints—light in the hand, good to read, and agreeable to look at.—A complete index, a series of maps, and a genealogy of the Khans has been added to the new reprint of THE TRAVELS OF MARCO POLO (Newnes, 3s. 6d. net). Undoubtedly parts of this narrative are dull and trivial, and I am glad to see that some of the matter has been eliminated. Of course it is necessary, but I always think a book with copious notes in small type at the foot of each page looks so dull. Even if one determines to ignore the notes, they still remain a source of irritation. They are a reproach to one's ignorance—a thing not to be endured. The book is most elegantly bound in soft green leather with an artistic design in gold on the front cover. I particularly like the inside cover papers—a point too often neglected by publishers. They lend a note of distinction to the book.—Coleridge's CHRISTABEL (Dent, 3s. 6d. net), which Mr. Ernest Rhys calls "a lovely and inevitable fragment," is a very handsome volume indeed. The verses are artistically printed on heavy white paper, and the illustrations by Mr. C. M. Watts are, on the whole, most successful. It will no doubt find many purchasers at Christmastide, for it makes a goodly gift book.—I cannot but lay down my pen and dip into the pages of my dear friend, ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND and her subsequent journey THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS (two volumes, 2s. net each). What can I say about such a favourite? "Curtsey while you're thinking what to say; it saves time," replies the Red Queen for me. Do we not all love Lewis Carroll's creations—Tweedledum and Tweedledee, the White Knight and the Turtle, Humpty Dumpty and the Mad Hatter? What can I say? Nothing. I will draw up my chair to the fire and lose myself in Wonderland, where there are no reprints, but everything is ever new.

F. T. S.

Forthcoming Books, etc.

A new novel by William Dean Howells is announced for publication on the 21st inst. by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. It is entitled "The Son of Royal Langbrith."—Messrs. Skeffington will publish in a few days "A History of Dagenham in the County of Essex," by the Rev. J. P. Shawcross. The volume will be profusely illustrated, and will contain maps, facsimiles, &c.—Mr. R. Kearton's new work, entitled "The Adventures of Cock Robin and his Mate," is published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. to-day.—The first important book to appear on the Russo-Japanese campaign will be published on Tuesday, by Messrs. Methuen. It is entitled "With Kuroki in Manchuria," and is written by Mr. Frederick Palmer, joint correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle" and "Collier's Weekly." It is illustrated from photographs taken by Mr. James H. Hare, who was with General Kuroki from the beginning, and was present at the battle of Liaoyang.—"The Land of the Blessed Virgin" is the picturesque title of a book on Andalusia, by W. S. Maugham, which will be published by Mr. Heinemann on November 22.—Messrs. James Finch & Co., Ltd., announce the immediate publication of a new "Life of George Canning," by Mr. Harold Temperley, Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, and Lecturer in History at Leeds University.—Mr. John Lane is about to publish an original comedy in blank verse, by Dr. Richard Garnett, entitled "William Shakespeare, Pedagogue and Poacher."—For November 23 Mr. Lane announces a popular reprint of Miss Constance Hill's book, "Jane Austen: Her Homes and Her Friends"; also Wordsworth's "Resolution and Independence," in Flowers of Parnassus, and Herman Sudermann's novel, "Regina: or the Sins of the Fathers."—"Party Organisation and Machinery in the United States" is the title of a book by Professor Jesse Macy, of Iowa College, which Mr. Unwin will issue on November 21.

New Books Received

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

- Godfrey, E. (arranged by), A Book of Remembrance (Methuen), 2/6 net.
 Winbolt, F., Philip of Macedon: a Tragedy (Moring).
 Holden, E. M., Songs at Dawn (Fifield), 2/0 net.
 Thorley, W. C., Poems (Heacham-on-Sea: The Author), 1/0.
 Douglas, Sir G., A Dark Night's Work (Tutin), 0/6.
 The Secretary's Holyday, by the author of "Dove Sono?" (Harrow Road, W.: St. Vincent Press), 1/6 net.
 Burrill, E., Corner Stones (Dent), 3/6 net.
 Phillips, S., The Sin of David (Macmillan), 4/6 net.
 Mann, H., The New Lights: A Drama in Four Acts (Boston, U.S.A.: Gorham Press).
 Crowley, A., In Residence (Cambridge: E. Johnson).
 Macdonald, Leila, A Wanderer, and Other Poems (Unwin), 3/6 net.
 Hind, C. Lewis, Life's Lesser Moods (Black), 3/6 net.
 Dobson, H. J., and Sanderson, W., Scottish Life and Character (Black), 7/6 net.

History and Biography

- Henderson, T. F., James I. and VI. (Goupil).
 Greenidge, A. H. J., A History of Rome, Vol. I. (Methuen), 10/6 net.
 Guiney, Louise I., Hurrell Froude: Memoranda and Comments (Methuen), 10/6 net.
 de Bertouch, the Baroness, The Life of Father Ignatius, O.S.B., the Monk of Llanthony (Methuen), 10/6 net.
 Crouch, W., Bryan King (Methuen), 3/6 net.
 Smith, V. A., The Early History of India, from 600 B.C. to the Muhammadan Conquest (Oxford Press), 14/0 net.
 Life of Frances Power Cobbe, as told by herself (Sonnenschein), 7/6.
 Fischer, H. W., The Private Lives of William II. and his Consort: A Secret History of the Court of Berlin (Heinemann), 10/0 net.
 Baillie-Saunders, Mrs., The Philosophy of Dickens (Glaisher), 3/6 net.
 Rodd, Sir R., Sir Walter Raleigh (Macmillan), 2/6.
 Murray, J. W., Memoirs of a Great Detective (Heinemann), 10/0 net.
 Morris, W. O'Connor, Wellington: Soldier and Statesman (Putnam), 5/0.
 Palmer, F., With Kuroki in Manchuria (Methuen), 7/6 net.
 Howitt, A. W., The Native Tribes of South-East Australia (Macmillan), 21/0 net.

Travel and Topography

- Belloo, H., The Old Road (Constable), 31/6 net.
 Workman, W. H. and F. B., Through Town and Jungle (Unwin), 21/0 net.
 Ross, Janet, Old Florence and Modern Tuscany (Dent), 4/6 net.
 Powell-Cotton, Major P. H. G., In Unknown Africa (Hurst & Blackett), 21/0 net.
 Palmer, S., and Moncrieff, A. R. H., Bonnie Scotland (Black), 20/0 net.
 Gissing, A., Broadway (Dent), 1/6 net.
 New, E. H., Evesham (Dent), 1/6 net.

Art

- Geffroy, G., The National Gallery (Warne), 25/0 net.
 Alliston, N., The Rationale of Art (Kamesburgh, Beckenham: The Author), 5/0 net.
 Douglas, L., A Little Gallery of Millais (Methuen), 2/6 net.
 Cartwright, Julia, Sandro Botticelli (Duckworth), 21/0 net.
 The Masterpieces of Rubens (Gowans & Gray), 1/6 net.

Miscellaneous

- Wharton, Edith, and Parrish, M., Italian Villas and their Gardens (Lane), 21/0 net.
 Boraston, J. M., Birds by Land and Sea (Lane), 10/6 net.
 Ham, Mukasa (translated by the Rev. E. Millar), Uganda's Katikiro in England (Hutchinson), 10/6 net.
 Hobbhouse, L. T., Democracy and Reaction (Unwin), 5/0.
 The Nelson Calendar, 1905 (De La More Press).
 The Dante Calendar, 1905 (De La More Press).
 von Sydacoff, B., Nicholas II.: Behind the Scenes in the Country of the Tsar (Siegle), 1/0.
 Stuart-Young, J. M., Impressions (Sunderland: Keystone Press), 1/0.

Juvenile

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My Book of Memory—VII

It is a commonplace of conversation to say of a lively fellow in mature years that he is ridiculously boyish. For my part, I would express it "happily" boyish, for to my mind there is not any other thing that makes sweet the approach of age save this of preserving a happily youthful fund of spirits and a boyish outlook on life, an outlook that is which is optimistic. The pessimist is a one-eyed person, who can only see half of the world and that not the bright half. But it is not concerning this point that I set out to talk, but of the queer fact, as I take it to be, that boys are looked upon as are kittens or puppies, at all times thoughtlessly gay and splendidly full of animal vigour. This myth has led to much sorrow, to lads being told when they are pensive that they must not sulk or be shy, that they should be like other boys. There is much chatter about the mute pathos of animal suffering, which is entirely physical. Nowhere have I heard mention or read of the mute pathos of a youth who has stirring in him the germs of thought and the beginnings of imagination, yet who has no one in whom he can confide or to whom he can confess. Has not this been the case with many of us?

It is difficult to help and so easy to hinder the working of a lad's mind. If he be a mere animal, as too many of them are, he is content to live without thinking. But if he have a mind of any strength or originality, to him the years of his later teens will be the making or the marring of him. Surround him with sympathy, not necessarily spoken, perhaps better unspoken, and do not insist that he shall be as other boys, but watch and help him to work out his mental salvation.

The majority of boys are indeed fond of wild, physical fun, but there are many to whom the serious side of life makes frequent appeal. The books chosen and the portions of them most cherished are some clue to a boy's mind. I remember sometimes being asked by a well-meaning friend why I read this, that or the other, instead of rushing off to play or filling my thoughts from boys' books of adventure and bombast. The question was usually asked in so querulous a manner that I could not answer it. Nor could I find it in my heart to speak out the vague and not understood emotions that were stirring in me. So, often enough doubtless, I was set down as shy or stupid, and once was rudely bidden by an unmannerly elder "to come out of my shell."

It was the pathos in books that chiefly came home to me when I was a lad. Dickens I almost disliked. I felt that he was great, but his greatness was not apparent to my half-opened eyes. I could then no more appreciate *Sairey Gamp* than I could *Falstaff*, and his sentiment and tragedy rang untrue to me as on occasion they still do. Little Nell and Paul Dombey, for examples, I thought dreadful little prigs. Thackeray touched me far more deeply; his kindly sarcasm was a dreariness to me then, but his pathos moved me profoundly as—thank heaven—still it does. Colonel Newcome I then and have always fancied to be a slightly overdrawn portrait, but at the death-bed of Helen Pendennis I shed many a tear, which I am not ashamed to recall. Indeed, it seems to me to be almost if not quite the most tender and the most sad scene in all fiction. I only hesitate to place it at the top by itself because I remember that when Billy Booth confessed to Amelia his sin she said she could not forgive him in that she had done so long before.

I recall that I tried, more than once, to read Miss Austen, but could not away with her. The subtle humour of her stories is not to be caught by a lad's mind, and that being taken away but little remains.

So many minds, so many views of "Hamlet." I am always glad that I read it first when a lad, before my vision had been obscured by the fantasies and bemuddled theories of commentators, who will insist on reading into the greatest of tragedies every kind of philosophy and foolery. I read "Hamlet" as a human story, and to me the melancholy prince was then and has remained the most pathetic figure that ever appeared upon the stage. How well I can recall what he then seemed to me to be. The fact that his father had been murdered was merely horrible. But my sympathy was stirred by Hamlet's loneliness; even to Horatio he could not speak all his mind. Ophelia seemed a shallow miss, the King a brutal bully, but, worst of all, the Queen, whom Hamlet loved so dearly, who was all that was left to him, she was a traitress. To me the sorrow and the tragedy lay there. The opening scene always made me cold; I could feel the biting wind and shivered on the platform; I could see the russet morn; could hear the drunken shouts from the palace hall; but the ghost always appeared so human that I forgot that he was an inhabitant of the spirit world until he visited the queen's chamber; then his almost silence was terrifying. It is a great play to read, to see acted. Even the commentators cannot beat all the humanity out of it.

Some will urge that a boy is not healthy-minded who can think of or see anything else than joy in life; but if he be such, will he not remain such all his life and is he far removed from the animals who think not? To be without thought, without prescience, without anxiety for the morrow, may conduce to a certain happiness, but not of a high character. There is a story told of the Duke of Wellington, to whom a soldier was pointed out, trembling and afraid as he marched to the fight, the epithet "coward" being applied to him. Said the great commander, "Coward? No; he knows the risks he runs and faces them." I quote from memory, as I cannot lay my hand upon the anecdote. So is it with men and boys; he is not a brave fighter who does not see that in life's battle we may meet with sorrow as well as with joy, with disappointment as well as with fulfilment; he is merely heedlessly, thoughtlessly bold; but he who sees life whole, and fights undauntedly, facing the risk and the danger, he is a brave man. Not only this, but it is wicked to send a lad out into the world, as is so often done, ignorant of what strife will come, what griefs, what difficulties, what temptations. "Trouble will come soon enough" is the cry; it will do so, but it can be fought with the less suffering if it come not upon us unexpected and unarmed. Disease must come to us all; must we therefore take no precaution?

It is an untrue saying that you may know a man by his friends; we are not competent to judge unerringly what any man is or what he may find in friends who to us might be unacceptable and harmful. It is far more true, I think, that you may to a great extent judge a boy by his books, by the books he chooses for himself, and, if he will speak of them, by that which he finds in them. I love to see a boy full of good-humour, fond of vigorous play; but I love him the more if also he has in him somewhat of seriousness, if he is trying

to think for himself, if he can sigh as well as laugh, if he reads books that I myself read when his age, and if he will talk to me of them and take from them the nourishment that I found in them years ago.

Letters and life: both goodly; but how much more goodly when bound up one with another. A book-lover should be a man, not an eccentric, and every man should love good books.

E. G. O.

Divine Discontent

IT is writ large in universal history that discontent and doubt are the seeds of all moral and intellectual progress. Dr. William Barry could have paid no greater compliment to the men and women whom he discusses in his latest book than in calling them "heralds of revolt": for all progress is by revolt; all originality, in art, in thought, or in action is revolt. Heredity and variation are both necessary in the evolution of living matter: and so are their analogues, conformity and nonconformity, in the evolution of man's mind. But of these two nonconformity is undoubtedly the most precious: for all conformity is but conformity to a previous nonconformity, all heredity but inheritance of a previous variation. And both variation and nonconformity are the products of individuals. Here I would sing the praises of revolt, of protestantism, doubt, discontent, dissent, heterodoxy.

The greatest of all Protestants, in the most important of all matters, was Jesus Christ. After Him, in the supreme sphere of morals, may be named a mighty host—Isaiah, the Buddha, Socrates, Savonarola. These were men indeed, for does not Emerson tell us that "whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist." And here, as elsewhere, the law of universal rhythm is observed. The typical history of the dissenter, of whom these are the greatest, is as inevitable as it is familiar. To begin with, he is in a minority of one. Convention, which cannot crush the truth of which he is the protagonist, can at any rate make short work of *him*. Its weapons are the Cross, hemlock, or the stake. Thereafter the truth which made him free survives in a more or less degenerate form to enslave his followers. There arises an organisation, claiming to speak and act with authority. To its adherents it denies that exercise of private judgment which led to its foundation. They must conform to the traditional nonconformity, which, however, being interpreted by men of smaller calibre, is always somewhat of a travesty of the original. Later there arises another filled with divine discontent, and the whole process is repeated. Those who decry Herbert Spencer to-day are the intellectual descendants of the men who called Socrates a corrupter of youth: and their descendants will deny some new truth a century hence because it cannot be reconciled with some page of the synthetic philosophy.

The history of matters intellectual, then, is in nowise dissimilar. Each advance originates with an individual who dared to doubt that which satisfied his grand-parents and his contemporaries. To him and them alike were taught certain assertions which had once aroused fierce opposition from the contented supporters of the assertions which they displaced. But the dissenter—an Aristotle, a Copernicus, a Darwin—was not so easily satisfied. Where others believed, finding the belief, like all conformity, conducive to ease and reputation, he doubted—and of the doubt was born a new light. In order to be answered it is necessary first to put a ques-

tion. But just as Catholicism was founded by a Protestant, so are philosophic systems founded by sceptics. But a little while, and all who would gain the immediate prizes of intellectual effort must conform to the new nonconformity. There is thus always a soul of evil in things good. For centuries the authority of Aristotle, adopted by the Church, arrested all intellectual progress. For many decades the authority of Newton, lent to the emission or corpuscular theory of light, obstructed the way to acceptance of the undulatory theory. To-day the authority of Darwin is interfering with the proper appreciation of factors in organic evolution other than natural selection. As in the sphere of morals, the interpreters or first conformists are always unable properly to transmit the message of the nonconformist. Newton decided only tentatively and with reservations in favour of the corpuscular theory of light: Darwin expressly recognised the existence of other factors in organic evolution besides that which he had himself discovered. One can no more blame these nonconformists for the misguided conformity of their followers than one can blame the greatest of all Protestants for the state of the Mediæval Church.

In matters æsthetic, also, the principle holds true. Bach had to fight for his nonconformity to the nonconformity of past masters. He has given us a composition to illustrate the struggle. A century and a quarter later there was born another dissenter, unable to conform to that which had been accepted of authority in the interval. Wagner also has left a masterpiece illustrative of the conflict between tradition and the maker of the new tradition. To-day another genius of the same race as Bach and the composer of the "Meistersinger" is fighting just the same battle as theirs: and, in his "Heldenleben" has scored the battle-cries. Some two years ago I giped at Strauss in these pages. What was the use of trying to out-Wagner Wagner? Yet further acquaintance with such works as "Tod und Verklärung" has aroused in me the suspicion that I was then simply playing the part of the typical conformist: forgetful, like the rest of us, that every orthodoxy was once a heresy. It was doubtless the same when rhyme sought to replace head-rhyme or alliteration and when Gothic architecture first reared its noble head; whilst Byron had his Scotch reviewer, and they said of Wordsworth, "This will never do."

Thus whilst the Church still teaches, I suppose, as once it taught, that disbelief is a mortal sin, history teaches us that it is the seed of all progress: whilst the acceptance of any dogma or convention is the acceptance of some one's rejection of some other dogma or convention. If you accuse me of despising the work of the past. I answer that *this*, when we read aright, is what our fathers, of their experience, have taught us. It is of such right reading that the essentially modern idea of toleration is born. Men can be expected to tolerate dissent only when they can study, on a sufficiently large scale, the history of opinion. They despise the work of the past who refuse to learn therefrom. And if you or I should suffer some distress, as suffer we must, at the uprising of some form of discontent which, rightly or wrongly, we cannot call divine, we may take comfort from that great saying of Carlyle's: The first of all truths is this, that a lie cannot endure for ever.

C. W. SALEEBY.

The Christmas Number of "The Academy and Literature," containing classified reviews of Children's Books, will be issued on December 3.

The Art of Comedy

THE production of John Oliver Hobbes' comedy "The Flute of Pan" and the representations at the Royalty Theatre by the Mermaid Society of Congreve's "The Way of the World" suggest some consideration of the art of writing and of acting comedy. Pathos is akin to laughter, as is proved, if proof be necessary, by the fact that the theme of every fine comedy might also be used for tragic treatment. "The Way of the World" has for subject matter erring wives and husbands; "The Flute of Pan" deals with the crushing of natural emotions which comes with the wearing of a crown. Congreve's theme treated seriously would become terrible, Mrs. Craigie's would move us to tears. The old dramatist, however, knew well enough the stuff of which comedies are made; comedy deals with character and manners, not with heart-searching emotions; it trades in eccentricity of character and quaintnesses of manner; tragedy is compact of the sorrow of human hearts fighting against implacable fate; comedy sends us away with a smile on our lips, tragedy with an ache in our hearts. A comedy that takes something from tragedy is inartistic, though on the other hand tragedy gains from an admixture of comedy.

Applying these rules as a test to the work of Congreve it will at once be seen why that writer is so great a master of the art of comedy. As we witness "The Way of the World," or as we read it, no questions of right or of wrong are stirred within us; we are delighted with supreme portraits of amusing characters, are dazzled by the display of wit and humour. Too often Congreve is looked upon as a mere juggler with verbal fireworks; he is far more than that; this one comedy alone presents us with several admirably drawn characters, Mrs. Millamant, the queen of coquettes; Lady Wishfort, a picture of the absurdity of love in an old would-be-young widow; Sir Wilful Witwoud, the raw country squire; Fainall and Mirabell, two exquisites of the finest water; Witwoud, the monkey masquerading in the peacock's feathers, and Foible, the type of all succeeding serving and subservient waiting women. As for the wit of the dialogue it is not necessary to speak of it, only it may be noted that it gains in brilliancy by being spoken. Not merely is it witty, but full, too, of humours, this perfect specimen of the art of comedy.

Mrs. Craigie has the gifts required for the writing of comedy: a fine sense of character, a pretty turn of wit, a feeling for humour; her chief danger is that she lives in the present day when few writers dare to be as witty as they could be—for wit is out of fashion—and when most of us are so deadly serious in our amusements that we have almost lost the art of being frivolous. In a word, Sentiment will put her finger into the comedian's pie. Reality will enter with his jarring note into situations which become tragic when a touch of nature is introduced. The intrigue of "The Flute of Pan" provides delicious material for a first-rate comedy of men, women and manners. The beautiful, wayward, witty Princess Margaret might form a fit pendant to Mrs. Millamant; Boris, who weds her, might, with a lightening of his somewhat serious views of life and its responsibilities, pair off with the serious Mirabell; the worldly minded old beau, Prince Adolph, witty though harmless, is a capital figure of fun, and Countess Bertha is a pleasant specimen of that entertaining genus—flirt. But every here and there reality intrudes, exactly how or where it

is difficult to say, and we find ourselves asking are all these folk behaving nicely or naturally? Such a question should never arise in a comedy, where neither morals nor emotions have a rightful place. It is very difficult, however, to appraise the true value of a comedy unless it is acted well nigh to perfection; Congreve received something far more near to justice at the hands of the players than did Mrs. Craigie. Our modern comedians have for the most part lost touch with the art of comedy, not through any fault of their own, but through lack of that practice which is the one efficient school of acting. If we ever have a repertory theatre where our old comedies are played it will soon be found that we have the makings of many admirable comedians and some few already accomplished and satisfying. It is sad that a critic should be reduced to repeating platitudes, but it is necessary to remind the majority of our actors that the first thing a player has to achieve is to make the audience hear what is said. Time after time in both the comedies under discussion distraction reigned supreme because the actors mumbled and slurred their speeches.

"The Way of the World" was, for the most part, very finely performed. Actors as well as dramatists can introduce realism into the shallow passions of comedy, and when they do so ruin is the result. In Congreve's comedy one touch of nature makes the whole ring false, and this touch—of anger, of passion, of brutality—was introduced more than once, reducing, for example, the quarrel scene between Fainall and Marwood to something sordid. Of the performers three call for especial commendation. Miss Ethel Irving was perfect—the word is often abused, but not so here—as Mrs. Millamant, a character that calls for the supreme in the art of comedy acting; Mrs. Theodore Wright was again very fine as Lady Wishfort, and Mr. Frank Lascelles exactly caught the airy graces and insouciance of the fop Fainall. "The Way of the World" is all sparkle and glitter in itself and should be so in its acting. It is unpleasant to say it, but Mrs. Craigie was not always truly interpreted by many of the players; they were heavy, serious—might have been acting "Hamlet"! Miss Olga Nether-sole is an actress of very considerable gifts, but she is so much associated with the drama known as serious and realistic that she would, perhaps, be wise to emphasise the comedy points in order to remind the audience that she is departing from her usual type of impersonations. She made an imposing figure and she certainly bears a curious resemblance to some of the European princesses. Mr. Herbert Waring is a romantic actor of value, but as Boris he was always much too strenuous, and Mr. C. W. Somerset also, as Prince Adolph, apparently forgot that he was acting in comedy. On the other hand Miss Annie Hughes reduced her part to farce. Doubtless when the actors settle down to their parts—a first night performance is no fair test either of play or players—they will be less slow, more bright and will carry the comedy with a swing instead of delaying it with a stately, measured walk.

Midway between Tragedy and Comedy stands the grotesque figure of Burlesque, with broad grin and merry wink, laughing uproariously at all that is false in them both. "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," now being played admirably at the Royalty Theatre, is a magnificent example of what burlesque can and should be; Beaumont and Fletcher set up a model for all time. The actors are all excellent, particularly Mrs. Theodore Wright as the Citizen's Wife, who presents a finished performance of splendid funning. Truly The Mermaid Society is doing fine work and deserves the heartiest support. The drama is still alive!

The New English Art Club

THE honours of the New English Art Club and the art sensation of the studios this winter are with Mr. John. His portrait of "Carlotta" will be the "talked-of thing," it will be attacked and praised; it will create a crowd of mediocre imitators. Mr. John has threatened to come to the front several times of late—he has now arrived with a bound. From to-day he must be reckoned one of the strongest artists we have amongst us. But one holds out the laurels to him with a little hesitation—the hesitation is in the prophecy of future achievement, that is always a part of triumph. Is he going to last? In this forceful portrait of a woman, in all its strange, uncanny strength, in all its fine suggestion of colour amidst the greys of the dress, in all its masterly simplicity, in the absolute rightness of that splash of red in the quaint hat, there lurks a sense of vulgarity that has kept another of the most brilliant men we possess, Mr. Strang, from the topmost heights, and has muddled the paint-brush of Mr. Rothenstein, whose exquisite portraits in lithography are as well-bred and distinguished in their beautiful debonair play of line as his paint is coarse and vulgar—vulgar sometimes as lard. This nasty taste of vulgarity is of the faintest in the marvellously fine "Carlotta" of Mr. John; but there is the whisper of it even in this very forceful thing; it is the only blemish, and that, too, only the hint of blemish. As one enters the room of the club one is greeted as always with the sweet sense of the freshness of colour, the rich sense of artistry, from several canvases—Mr. Wilson Steer, Mr. John Sargent, Mr. Walter Sickert, Mr. William Orpen, Mr. David Muirhead, Mr. Brabazon, and others call to us with all their wonted charm; but Mr. John's work stands out triumphant amidst them all; and it is a triumph of sheer force, he employs no prettinesses, he stoops to no popularities, he seems almost to go aside to the vulgarities in a sort of schoolboyish spirit of dread lest his voice may not be taken for a man's voice, but in spite of his own disservice to himself he wins a success from which he should never look back. He has learnt his lesson from Frans Hals—his lesson of simplicity and truth and direct frank statement. He has learnt that lesson in no mean spirit. He has kept his eyes open and learnt many lessons from the masters of his own day. And he comes to his craftsmanship, thereby, fully equipped as an artist whose work promises to be a series of remarkable utterances. The beauty of the silvery greys in this portrait of Carlotta, the placing of the figure on the canvas, the balance of the whole arrangement, the restraint and the force, the colour sense and the drawing all go to the building of a veritable masterpiece. And if there be lacking a certain feminine grace and subtlety in the head, it is at any rate less marked than in the other heads of women which he shows in the same gallery, though they are all somewhat of the one type. The "Head of an Old Man" is almost as marked an achievement as that of the "Carlotta"—indeed, in its way, perhaps as fine. Mr. John shows a grip of character which should raise him to high

position amongst portrait-painters. He shows a colour faculty by which to state that character-drawing of a very remarkable order and individuality. And if he will only remember that when a beautiful woman opens beautiful lips to utter a harsh cockney accent or the slurred "h," the larger part of her glory is sped; in other words, if he will only remember that distinction is as much a part of high achievement as is strength, then he will add to the gamut of his craftsmanship a quality that will keep his hand from mere prettiness quite as effectually as any trick of thumb, however rough and rugged that thumb may be. But whether he prefer brutal forcefulness to distinction of style or not, here we have a portrait in Mr. John's "Carlotta" that will draw the attention of every man of artistic vision to the simple and pleasant fact that an artist of no mean order has arisen amongst us; and the New English Art Club is to be congratulated on being the setting to this radiant gem.

HALDANE MACFALL.

NOTE

In connection with the article on "Works of Art for Small Purses," I have had several requests for hints as to where to search for these things. I propose to pay particular attention from time to time to such requests, and I would only say here that he who purchases to-day a lithograph by C. Hazlewood Shannon, some of whose work, with that of Gordon Craig, Nicholson, Rothenstein, and other artists of distinction, may be seen at Obach's in Bond Street, or he who buys Wallace's water-colour of sheep and meadows, "The Tweed," or his oil of "Spring in Hyde Park" at Stafford's Black Frame Club in Bond Street, where amongst other charming things are Peart's "Fishing Boats" and Scott's "Summer Morning," will do well by himself and his pocket.

H. M.

Correspondence

Celtomania and Science

SIR.—The October number of the "Celtic Review" contains the Presidential address of Sir William Preece at the Pan-Celtic Congress, entitled "Egyptians and Celts." From it we learn that "there is a remarkable connection between the religions, language, customs, and rites of the ancient Egyptian and those of the ancient Briton"; that "originally (4500 B.C.) the conception of a Supreme Being . . . Father of Heaven was prevalent"; "that the Druids worshipped the Supreme Being and made the oak his symbol"; that "Stonehenge and Avebury . . . testify to their (the Druids') mechanical skill"; that "the term Druid means a chief priest if it is derived from *der* and *gwydd*"; that "there is great similarity in the name of the gods of Egypt and of the Celts"; that "the Druidical Ark was a symbol of the deluge"; that "the worship of Isis was brought into Britain by a tribe called Pharaon by the ancient British," &c., &c. This amusing outbreak of a Celtomania which one had fondly imagined buried in the tombs of Vallancey and Davies would not deserve even a passing and contemptuous reference if it were not for the position and personality of its author. Sir William Preece is a distinguished "man of science" in the English sense of the term, which understands by "science" only the "natural sciences." We are frequently assured that study of the natural sciences exercises a most beneficial effect upon the intelligence, that it trains the mind in exact perception of facts, in critical weighing of evidence, in rigorous and logical deduction. In all these particulars it is frequently contrasted, greatly to its advantage, with "literary" or "historical" study. Yet here we find an eminent scientist who in the course of eight pages makes some fifty statements of fact every one of them demonstrably inaccurate, as has been known to all serious students for the past quarter-century at least; who, on this basis of non-existent facts,

PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF

G. F. Watts, E. Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti,
Windsor Castle Holbein Drawings,

Also Pictures from the Uffizi and Louvre Galleries, may be obtained from FREDK. HOLLYER, 8 Pembroke Square, London, W.
Illustrated Catalogue 12 penny stamps. Foreign stamps accepted from abroad.

proceeds to rear a superstructure of deductions of which the flimsiness is at once apparent to whosoever examines it with ever so slight a modicum of critical faculty; who confesses "that his work has not been in the direction of Celtic lore," and yet airily lays down the law on points of the utmost obscurity and complexity. In a word, we have a "scientist" who, in spite of his training, is hopelessly and flagrantly "unscientific" outside his own speciality. What would be thought of Dr. Tylor or Mr. Lang addressing the Chemical or the Astronomical Society and seriously quoting Basil Valentinus or "Parallax"? Yet Sir William Preece does as bad or worse in quoting Davies as an authority. In view of such an instance, one may well doubt if the discipline of natural science be as truly productive of a scientific bent of mind as is often claimed.—Yours, &c. ALFRED NUTT.

A Prose Anthology

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent "E. J.," it is hardly to be expected that any collection of extracts can show "the beauties of all the best English prose literature." Two useful books for giving lessons upon English literature, its development and characteristics, are "English Prose" and "Selected English Essays," by W. Peacock.

But, as a student of literatures, I would beg to suggest that a collection of extracts is by no means the best means of approach to a foreign literature. A complete book at least of any author should be studied. In the case of essays, several should be read; and if there is not time to cover all the ground desired, at least some real acquaintance with the thought and style of one or two representative writers can be made. Extracts rarely represent the general method, and at best only serve to recall points of interest which have been previously noted.—Yours, &c. S. CUNNINGTON.

"Flaws in Composition"

SIR,—I note that your usually immaculate compositors have fathered on me a bit of bad English by amputating the final letter of "metaphors" in my communication of the 5th inst.—To the curious in mixed metaphors the essays of the late Mrs. Lynn Linton present a mine of wealth. It would be difficult to match, *e.g.*, her diatribes telling how "fresh young dogs go on the fatal old path; and, because they will not have the patience to wait from seed-time to harvest, cut their grain while it is unripe," and denouncing the man who "Rather than wear his pinching shoe with that stoical courage which at last wears it easy . . . falls foul of the marriage-tie" ("St. James's Gazette," 23 xi. and 21 xii., 1894).

The rule for punctuation to which, last week, I attempted to give expression may perhaps be best stated as follows: A comma should not separate an antecedent from its defining relative *that* or from the relatives *who* and *which* when, though proper to parenthetical adjective clauses, they are unadvisedly employed in the place of *that*.—Yours, &c.

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

THE inconvenience and risks of the English custom of appointing individuals as executors and trustees—either because of the precarious health, absence, business inexperience, death, or even the fraud of those undertaking these offices—sometimes without reward—have been frequently made manifest, and consequently there has been an increasing difficulty in finding private persons willing to accept such onerous positions. This is pointed out in a prospectus issued by the Royal Exchange Assurance, which has now decided, under parliamentary powers, to undertake the offices of executor of wills, trustee under wills, trustee under settlements, and trustee for charitable or other institutions. The obvious advantages—such as security, continuity, experience, readiness of access, and opportunities for the favourable investment of trust funds—of the employment of a corporate body to act in such cases are pointed out, and a moderate scale of fees is given. The Royal Exchange Assurance was incorporated A.D. 1720, and its funds now exceed £5,000,000.

New Monthly Competition

FIRST AWARD

"Thackeray's Letters to an American Family"

THOSE who are already familiar with Thackeray's history will find this book of his letters a great addition to the knowledge they already possess; it will be to them like a visit back into the past, an interview miraculously granted with a long dead friend.

We propose, however, to consider the book as it would appear to a reader who knew nothing else of Thackeray than his literary works; and even from this point of view alone it gives us a great deal to think over. Any piece of unconscious biography taken from letters is apt to be a marvellous piece of portrait-painting. It is not exactly the things that are stated in so many words that show us most; it is the story of a life as it spins out its threads while it is related from within by the man who does not yet know where it is tending or when it will end. If in this way we follow the inner current of this volume of letters, it is a fine piece of pathos that we find here given to us. The beginning is full of the joy and comfort of a most sympathetic friendship; of the burden and fetter of duties which were part of his brilliant literary success, and were therefore an enviable burden; and spread through it all ran a feeling of ennobling pleasure in the reciprocal friendship between himself and a whole country.

These first letters seem to represent the beginning of further happiness and wider national friendship between Thackeray with his friends and his own country with America.

But the second visit to America, with its brilliant unfulfilled hopes, comes like a black shadow after the first; it is the beginning of a decline of happiness that falls lower and lower till his days are ended. His intercourse with his dear friends was partially interrupted, and his public success was feebler. He returned to England, and the letters still flow on sadly; the decline of youth and pleasure becomes stronger and more overpowering. He looks forward to a third visit to America, that was never paid; he writes to his friends of their troubles and his own; he laments the broken friendship between their country and himself; he speaks of his ill health, and hardly seems to care for life. We see no more of the schoolboy fun with which his first letters were filled. Then the letters cease; there is no more; no note from the editor to say when he died; there was no other visit to America.

And so we see a piece painted alive out of Thackeray's career. His friendship with its happiness and its fun, its beginning of disappointments, his decline in life and power, and that saddest of all comments and endings—nothing more. No last words, no explanation. There is only the dead stop as it occurs in life, when the gate shuts suddenly with a departed friend on the other side.

LETITIA M. DIXON.

REGULATIONS.

WE shall give, until further notice, a monthly prize, value £1 1s., for the best criticism of a specified book. The prize will take the form of a £1 1s. subscription to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Circulating Library. In the case of any prize-winner living too far from the nearest branch of this

library, or for any other good reason not desiring to subscribe to it, the subscription will be transferred to another library, to be chosen by the prize-winner. If already a subscriber to a library, the guinea will run from end of present subscription or be added to it at once. The prize-winner will be sent an order on the library selected, a cheque for £1 ls. being forwarded with proper notification to the proprietors. The winning criticism will be printed, with the writer's name, in *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE*. Style and independence of view will be chiefly taken into account in awarding the prize. We need not remind competitors that they are not called upon to buy the selected books, but can obtain them from a library.

RULES.

1. The criticism must not exceed *eight* hundred words or be less than five hundred.
2. All communications must be addressed to "The Competition Editor, *THE ACADEMY*, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C."
3. The Editor's judgment in awarding the prize must be considered final.
4. The MS. must be clearly written by hand, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
5. No competitor can win the prize more than once in three months. In case a previous prize-winner sends in the best criticism, his (or her) paper will be printed, the prize going, however, to the next best sent in by a non-prize-winner.
6. The competition coupon must be filled in and sent with the MS. (See page 2 of Cover.)

SUBJECT FOR SECOND COMPETITION

"GREAT ENGLISHMEN OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY."

By Sidney Lee.

(Published by Messrs. Archibald Constable & Co.
7s. 6d. net.)

Competitors' MSS. must reach this office not later
than December 12.

The New Writers' Column

Nursery Rhymes

THE majority of people would probably tell you that, in their opinion, nursery rhymes are too idiotic for even a moment's consideration. They do not realise what a distinct blank there would be in the lives of their small friends without this form of literature, nor do they understand that a special inspiration is required by those who cater for "the little public."

Perhaps looked at casually, there is not much to admire in the rhyme that informs you of the doings of the "birds that sat on a stone." But the whole point of this rhyme, and many others, is the picture so immediately visualised by the mind of the child who listens or reads. Most of us, I imagine, on hearing the jingle so familiar to our childhood, instinctively see again the mind-picture with which we used to associate it. It is this power of producing these pictures out of a few words, effectively strung together, on any or no subject, that is the first essential qualification of a rhyme-maker.

Perhaps we might roughly divide nursery rhymes into two classes; those that are the ideas of very small children put down so that they can recognise them; and those whose sole charm is that they are devoid of sense.

The master, of course, of this latter kind was Lear. Who has not known and loved the old man

"Who said 'Hush! I perceive a young bird in that bush.'
When they said, 'Is it small?' He replied 'Not at all.
It is four times as large as the bush.'"

But there is a great difference between this and the

other class; one can be at least partly appreciated by almost all grown-up people, and the other only appeals to the few who can still look on things with a child's eyes.

Nothing, to the child, is too impossible to happen, and most inanimate things have to them a personality. When this is realised it will be better understood why nursery rhymes are so popular with the little ones. For whether they treat of animals that talk, or dishes that run, they come easily into the life of the child, who does not question their possibility. Rather he takes them as strict realities, and applies them to the world about him. A case in point: a small boy I knew informed his mother, after some walks in the country, that he had found the cow that jumped over the moon. On being asked how he recognised her, he replied, "She had two black legs," evidently having long decided upon her appearance in his mind.

Christina Rossetti was one of the few poets who looked upon this work as worthy of serious consideration. Her book "Sing-Song" is charming, although some of the rhymes are of too melancholy a character to be altogether appropriate to the nursery.

However many people jeer at them as meaningless rubbish, it is pretty certain that nursery rhymes will continue to flourish so long as children in age and children in spirit continue to inhabit the earth.

DOROTHEA STILL.

REGULATIONS.

We will consider carefully any article sent in to us, in length not more than 500 words, if guaranteed by the writer that no composition of his (or hers) has ever been printed or published in any journal, magazine or other publication, or in book form, and if the article is suitable to the pages of *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE* and of sufficient merit, we will print it in *THE NEW WRITERS' COLUMN*, sending the writer a cheque in accordance with our usual rate of payment. The article must be signed with the author's full name. We must trust to the contributors' sense of honour not to abuse our confidence.

RULES.

1. The article may be on any subject of literary, art, or antiquarian interest; freshness of subject, of treatment and style will chiefly influence the acceptance of any article.
2. The length of the article must not exceed five hundred words.
3. MS. must be written clearly, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
4. The Editor cannot enter into any correspondence regarding this column.
5. If contributors desire their MSS. to be returned in case of their not being printed, stamps must be sent for this purpose.
6. No MS. will be considered that is not accompanied by the writer's full name and address and an intimation that the writer is qualified to write for the *New Writers' Column*.
7. All communications must be addressed to the Editor, *THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE*, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.; the envelope being marked "N. W. C." on top left-hand corner.
8. The Editor will not hold himself responsible for any lost MS.; a duplicate copy should be kept by the writer.
9. Each MS. must have attached to it the competition coupon (given on one of the cover pages).

A FEATURE of the first two volumes of the Century Edition of Lord Beaconsfield's Earlier Novels, edited by "Diplomaticus" (Lucien Wolf) which have been already announced by the De La More Press, will be the illustrations. These include two drawings specially made by Mr. Herbert Railton illustrating the birthplace in Theobald's Road, and the house in Bloomsbury Square in which "Vivian Grey" was written. The frontispiece of Volume II. is a photogravure of the bust of Mrs. Sara Austen, the staunch friend and adviser of the young Disraeli. This has been reproduced from a bust in the possession of Miss Layard for the purpose of this edition, and is therefore of especial interest, as it is now published for the first time.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published. Questions must not be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

* SHAKESPEARE AND RABELAIS.—"Shakespeare knew his Rabelais." In "As You Like It," III. ii. (line 214 in the Windsor Edition) Celia uses the expression "Gargantua's mouth." Are there any other Rabelais quotations in the plays? I fancy that I can distinguish Rabelaisian humour and vocabulary in "Love's Labour's Lost." Do others agree with me?—*John Osborne (Nantwich).*

THE PREVISION OF SHAKESPEARE.—

- (1) Electricity—I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.
"Midsummer Night's Dream," II. ii. 175-6.
- (2) Photography—The glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist.
"King John," III. i. 77-8.

Can any reader give me further particulars or tell me where I can substantiate the above, which I consider to be the prevision of Shakespeare?—*A.E.I. (Sheffield).*

SHAKESPEARE AND SMOKING.—How can we explain the want of any reference to smoking throughout Shakespeare's works, although the habit was very prevalent in his time, even within the theatres?—*A.J.*

LITERATURE

MILTON.—In a volume of poems entitled "Christian Lyrics" there is one entitled "Milton on His Blindness," which I am told was written by Milton and discovered some few years ago at the British Museum by Dr. Grosart. At the end of it there is the name E. Lloyd, whom I supposed to be the author, but I am told this is not the case. Did Milton write the poem or not?—*Norman Trevelick (Leeds).*

CHRYSIPPUS.—In the "Enchiridion" Epictetus states, and appears to believe, that a person who can understand the writings of Chrysippus may pride himself on that fact. Who was Chrysippus, and did he write anything which would nowadays be considered equally difficult to understand?—*Jessie Duncan Scott.*

"FVIL NAN SLAUGH."—Can any one explain the meaning of the phrase "Fvil nan slaugh"?—*Norman Bennett.*

WELL-A-DAY.—What is the exact origin and history of the phrase "Well-a-day"?

Ah, well-a-day! he's dead.
Shakespeare, "Romeo and Juliet," III. ii. 37.
Ah! well-a-day, what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Coleridge, "Ancient Mariner," 139.—*D.W.O. (Aberystwyth).*

REFERENCE WANTED.—Can any reader tell me the title of the following verse by B. Barton, and if there are any more verses?—

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the Heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too,
For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.—*M. K. Pirks (Nuthfield).*

REFERENCE WANTED.—In which of Charles Kingsley's novels occurs the quotation about our all seeing things through different-coloured spectacles? Kingsley says there is no because or reason for our different views.—*A. Samuel.*

AUTHORS WANTED.—Who wrote these lines?—

His slumber, when he slumbers, is not sleep,
But a continuance of enduring thought.—*T.F.J. (Greenock).*

* Oliver Wendell Holmes ("The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" vi.) says: "The world has a million roosts for a man, but only one nest." By whom, and when, was the following similar passage written?—

The heart has many a dwelling-place,
But only once a home.—*A. G. Turner.*

GENERAL.

WOOD PEDIGREE.—I have a pedigree of Sir James Buller East, Bart., M.P., and of Thos. James Hall. The name of "Wood" is often mentioned, as in Lady Wood, authoress of "Sabina," and of J. P. Wood, M.A., F.L.S., author of "Homes Without Hands," and many times the signature of A. R. Wood, 1867, occurs. Could any one tell me if any relations of these are living, and the literary value of the pedigree?—*S. L. Hudson (Gravesend).*

FLEET FAMILY.—Thomas Fleet, a printer, living about 1719, married Elisabeth Goose, and his wife was supposedly connected with "Mother Goose"; also T. and J. Fleet, who emigrated from England, were printers at Boston, Massachusetts, and issued certain almanacks between 1787-1790, perhaps later. Is there any connection?—*A.H.*

THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.—The Duke of Wellington, showing a statue of Napoleon to a French visitor (at Apsley House?), remarked that some thought the globe in the hand of the figure was too small, on which his guest replied, "That may be so, but your Grace must remember that 'L'Angleterre n'est pas comprise.'" Who was the guest? Where did the incident occur (at Apsley House or elsewhere)? What are the exact words of the compliment?—*T.F.J. (Greenock).*

QUEEN VICTORIA.—I have recently been reading modern history, and in a text-book by Wilhelm Halle, a German author, I find it stated that when our late Queen ascended the throne she was proclaimed as Queen *Alexandrina*, and by this name she was described on the written rolls of the House of Lords and the printed forms of the House of Commons. If such was actually the case how and when did she come to be known as Queen Victoria?—*R.N.*

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

THE STAGE IN THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.—The lines in "King Richard II." V. ii. 23-6, are an instance of Shakespeare's not infrequent practice of attributing to an earlier age the customs or usages of his own. In the Elizabethan theatre—and we like to think in the particular company of "Her Majesty's servants," of which he himself was a member—undoubtedly the "well-graced actor" had his opportunity for becoming a favourite with the audience. This familiar usage is easily transferred, as an illustration, to the time of King Richard II.—*S.C. (Hove).*

FALSTAFF.—Mr. Philip Norman, in his "London Signs and Inscriptions," mentions Sir John Fastolfe, "who must, at least, have furnished the name to Shakespeare's matchless creation."—*W. L. Harle (Fulfield).*

THE "CENTAUR" AND THE "PHOENIX."—There was a private theatre in Drury Lane, called the "Cockpit," or "Phoenix," in the time of Shakespeare.—*W. L. Harle (Fulfield).*

LITERATURE.

LA VIE EST VAIN.—A translation of Léon Montenaeken's lines beginning "La vie est vaine," and entitled "Peu de chose" (Kickahawa), was sent to me the other day, and is as follows:

Vain life, we cry,
Where Love or Hate
Do alternate,
And then—Good-bye!
Swift is life's flight—
One hopeful gleam,
One transient dream,
And then—Good-night!—*C.O.B.*

* "ON ENTRE, ON CRIE."—A.H.W. is mistaken in attributing to Sully Prudhomme the remarkable quatrain—

On entre, on crie,
Et c'est la vie;
On crie, on sort,
Et c'est la mort.

It is found, inscribed with the signature of Edmond Texier, on a page of the album of Nadar, reproduced by "Le Figaro" of October 29, 1865. The real author is, however, the poet Ausone de Chancel, and the original text has "on bâille" instead of "on crie" in the third line. The author wrote it himself on the title-page of an album which he gave to his sister-in-law in 1856. Maxime du Camp, in his "Souvenirs Littéraires" (Tome I., page 164), writes as follows: "Un vieux journaliste sans vergogne l'a si souvent improvisé qu'il a fini par se persuader qu'il en est l'auteur. Ausone de Chancel savait cela, il levait les épaules et disait 'On ne vole que les pauvres.'"—*M.A.C.*

HOMOIOUTHON AND HOMOIOUTHON.—The two principal watchwords of the great Arian controversy of the fourth century. (1) *homoiousios*. The Homoiousians held that the Son was of the same essence or substance as the Father (Athanasius and those who accepted the Nicene Creed). (2) *homoousios*. The Homoousians held that the Son was of similar essence or substance (Eusebius and the Semi-Arians). (3) *homoioios*. The Homoioians held that the Son was like the Father but not necessarily in essence (the Court party). (4) *anomoios*. The Anomoeans, who held that the Son was altogether unlike the Father (the extreme Arians). The controversy lasted violently for sixty years, and continued in some form or other for at least 300 years. It may be stated as a fact of some interest that the present Nicene Creed is not the one passed by the famous Council of Constantinople in 381 A.D.—*H.C.J.S. (Preston).*

[Similar replies received from Geo. A. Hilburn; H.C.; Harmatopagos; H.E.A.; Rev. H. B. Foyster; H. P. Dixon (Pewsey); S.C. (Hove); and E.P.M. (Oswestry).]

THE GAY LOTHARIO.—In 1632 was published "The Fatal Dowry" of Massinger and Field, the subject being an intrigue between Novall junior and Beaumelle, the wife of Charalois. "From this play," says Gifford, "Rowe borrowed, or, according to Cicero's distinction, stole, the plan of 'The Fair Penitent.'" In the latter play, produced in 1703, the name Lothario was substituted for Novall, and Calista for Beaumelle. "Lothario," says Johnson, "with gaiety which cannot be hated, and bravery which cannot be despised, retains too much of the spectator's kindness." This play long held the stage, and in Cumberland's "Ob-servers" may be found three consecutive essays (Nos. 77, 78, and 79) devoted to a critical comparison between the earlier and the later play. In these essays the incidents and characters of the two plays were reviewed with an extensive knowledge and an elaborate care which at the present day are seldom brought to the task of dramatic criticism.—*George Newall.*

[Similar replies received from W. L. Harle; H.C.; Hilda M. Wood; H.C.J.S. (Preston).]

DRAGON MYTH.—I am not able to do the "equation" propounded by A. Hall, but should like to give his query a philologico-literary turn by referring him to Chap. xxxix. of "The Romany Rye," in which the Hungarian, in reply to "Myself," who asked him for an explanation of "Drak," says: "Dragon, which the Wallacks use for 'devil.' The term is curious as it shows that the old Romans looked upon the dragon as an infernal being." This proves that George Borrow was also interested in the dragon myth.—*G.S. (Aberdeen).*

KIPLING'S "SEVEN SEAS" AND "FIVE NATIONS."—Is it not probable that Kipling took the "Seven Seas" from the Persian, perhaps through Fitzgerald, who tells us that "Jamshyd's seven-ring'd cup" was typical of the

seven heavens, seven planets, *seven seas*, &c., "seven" being here the mystical perfect number, and not a sum in addition. I suspect that the title "The Five Nations," by which Kipling seems to refer to the Anglo-Saxon communities throughout the world, is due to a reminiscence, conscious or unconscious, of the "five nations" of the Iroquois.—D.

AUTHORS FOUND.—The French noble ridiculed by Carlyle was the Duc d'Aiguillon, Minister of Foreign Affairs under Louis XV., and Governor of Brittany. He was accused of having left his post when the English landed at St. Cast, in Quiberon Bay, in 1758, and retired to the shelter of a neighbouring mill whilst his soldiers drove off the enemy. The epigram "Que le Duc s'était couvert non pas de gloire mais de farine" was made by La Chalotais, *procureur-général* to the Parliament.—M.A.C.

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.

These lines are from Wordsworth's sonnet beginning "It is not to be thought of that the Flood," numbered XVI. among the "Poems Dedicated to National Independence and Liberty." The five words in italics in the first line were omitted by S.G.—M.A.C.

[Similar replies received from J.H.G. (Bath) and John Osborne (Nantwich).]

GENERAL.

*** NUMBERS AND VIRTUES.**—The "Battle of Numbers" is alluded to by Burton ("Anatomy of Melancholy," fol. 172, col. 2) as the "philosopher's game." In Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes" (fourth edition, page 277) it is thus described: "It is called a 'number fight' because in it men fight and strive together by the art of counting or numbering how one may take his adversary's king and create a triumph upon the deficiency of his calculations." The other game is a moralisation of the game of chess, likely suggested by Jacobus de Casulis in his "Liber Moralis de Ludo Scaccorum." Caxton translated the French version of this work, "Le Jeu des Eschecs moralisé," and it was extremely popular in this country. Middleton gives an interesting moralisation of the game, for satirical purposes, in his little work, "A Game of Chess."—John Tough (Aberdeen).

TURRIS EBURNEA.—The "tower of ivory," in the Canticles vii. 3, 4, or 5, reads "migdall ha-shen" in Hebrew; and it is interesting to compare this passage with Psalm xiv. 8 or 9, where "ivory palaces" is *yekely shen* in Hebrew. *Shen*, for "bone," means elephant tusk.—A.H.

CHURCH WINDOWS.—The answers given in THE ACADEMY of February 27 and April 9 on the above subject seem to me hardly satisfactory. Is it not at least probable that the infant issuing from the mouth of the dying saint is meant to typify the departure of the soul? The soul seems to have been universally regarded by early men as a little man (or infant) inside the man. "If a man lives or moves it can only be because he has a little man . . . inside who moves him. . . . The man inside the man is the soul" (Frazer, "Golden Bough"). The same writer describes the elaborate precautions taken by savages to prevent the temporary departure of the soul (this is the cause of dreaming) by stuffing the mouth, nostrils, &c., before going to sleep. Might not the familiar exclamation after sneezing (ACADEMY, July 9) have a somewhat similar origin?—D. (Belfast).

YORKSHIRE FOLKWORDS.—Your correspondent William Arthur Cooper (Pontefract) deals with a question that has long interested me. It may interest him to know that the corresponding words in Yorkshire are "Gee!" and "Arve!" I should be very glad to find any light thrown upon the origin of these words. Other words whose origin is still puzzling are: Airbreed (back-stay of cart), caumeril (piece of wood on which the carcass of a pig is suspended by the legs), scooperil (teetotum), cobletree (piece of wood to which plough-traces are attached).—Dunelm.

CATOW PAWR.—Similar replies to that already published received from J. H. Evans (Newcastle Emlay) and H. Roberts (Colwyn Bay).

LORDS OF THE COUNCIL.—The meaning of the petition is apparent in its original form: "For all the Lords of the Council, and all other of the Nobilities which dwell in the countreys, having protection and government of the same." The Central Government in Tudor days was under the Privy Council, while the Local Government was mainly under the territorial magnates.—Pedagogue.

WAS NAPOLEON ASLEEP AT WATERLOO?—The following description of the battle appeared in the "Gloucester Journal" of June 26, 1815: ". . . As to Bonaparte, he was more than once enclosed among the British troops, and disentangled, as it were, by a miracle. He led on the Guard himself to the charge, and seemed to feel that there could be no hope for his Power but in the absolute jeopardy of his life."—W. L. Harle (Fulfield).

DAVEY JONES' LOCKER.—Similar replies to those already published received from L. K. Gifford-Wood; M.A.C. (Cambridge); H. J. Harrison (Eccles).

NIGEL.—The form Nigel first appears in the Domesday Book, and is merely an English spelling of Gaelic Niall, pron. nee-el. Adamnan writes the name Néllia. The word is connected with Irish *níal*, g. sg. *niad*, "a champion," which never contained a guttural. Gaelic Niall was borrowed into Norse as Njáll, Njal, whence Danish Nilsen, from which again the modern form Nils. Nicholas can therefore only be what has come to be regarded as the English equivalent of the Gaelic name; cf. Angus and Aeneas, Partholan and Bartholomew.—E. C. Quiggin.

POCCURANTISM.—Similar replies to those already published received from M.A.C. (Cambridge); Winifred A. Horwood; Helen Dummer (Brasted); K.H.B. (Brighton); Boanerges.

COLPORTEURS.—This word is always especially connected with hawkers of Bibles, because, in the time of the persecution of the Huguenots, they were the only people who could take the Bibles from one place to another. They hid them under their other wares, and, if they were found out, the punishment was terribly severe. The colporteurs were particularly active in the Vosges during the time the Huguenots were so persecuted.—H.M.W.

STREPTICIOUS "F."—The pronunciation of "wh" as "f," which distinguishes the dialect of Banff and Aberdeen from those of the South of Scotland, is explained, by the most competent modern authority on British ethnology, Principal Rhys, of Jesus College, Oxford, as the survival of a Pictish peculiarity of utterance. The shibboleth generally employed in Scotland to detect whether a speaker comes from these counties is the phrase, "Who whipped the white whelp?" which they are supposed to be unable to render otherwise than as "Fa fuppit the fite fulpie?"—Boanerges.

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Junior Questions and Answers

RULES.

The General Rules are the same as for the Senior "ACADEMY Questions and Answers" (q.v.), with these exceptions: Envelopes must be distinctly marked J.Q.A., and Questions and Answers must be confined to *British Literature, &c.* Notes on matters of curiosity and interest may also be sent in, and **comments upon incorrect Answers printed will also count for the Competition.** The principal points considered in awarding the prizes will be intelligence, originality, and style.

COMPETITION RULES.

Two prizes to the value of Five Shillings each will be awarded weekly, until further notice, for the two best Questions, Answers, or Notes. The Editor's decisions must be considered final and no correspondence will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of the prize-winners will be published each week and the winning contributions indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of five shillings' worth of books, to be chosen by the prize-winner from the stock of a local bookseller, upon whom an order will be given. The Competition is limited to residents in the United Kingdom. No competitor can win a prize more than once a month. Every set of Questions, Answers, or Notes must be accompanied, as a guarantee of good faith, by the signature of a parent, guardian, clergyman, master, or other responsible person. No boy or girl above the age of seventeen can enter for the competition. Competitors must work without assistance from any one.

NOTICE.—It is found necessary to ask competitors contributing to "Junior" Questions and Answers, to cut out and send in with contributions the Competition Coupon from the current issue, which will be found on one of the cover-pages. Exceptions will be made in the case of schools, when any master may send in under one cover and with one coupon, contributions from any or all of the boys in the schools, the same exception holding good for the children in one family, in which case the parent or guardian may act as above described.

Note

AN ISLAND THAT FLOATS.—Henry's Lake, in Idaho, is one of the most remarkable bodies of water in the world. It is situated on the dome of the continent in a depression in the Rocky Mountains called Targers' Pass. It is surrounded by snow-capped peaks, and its area is forty-five square miles. There is in the lake a floating island, about 300 feet in diameter, which has for its base a mass of roots so dense that it supports large trees and a heavy growth of underbrush. These roots are covered with several feet of rich soil. The wind blows the island about the lake, and it seldom remains twenty-four hours in the same place.—*Elsie Peterkin.*

Questions

LITERATURE.

COPYRIGHT.—What is copyright?—*Myra Heddington.*

CAEDMON.—I have been reading about Caedmon in Stopford Brooke's "History of Literature." Could any one tell me if there is any edition of his poems in modern English?—*Elkan Saddler.*

PUBLIC SCHOOL POETS.—Did any other English poets go to public schools besides Milton, who, I believe, went to St. Paul's?—*Herbert Shaw.*

ILLUMINATED BOOKS.—When was illumination of manuscript invented, and by whom? Were the first illustrations coloured pieces or otherwise?—*Dora S. Johnson.*

AUTHORS WANTED.

"MIDNIGHT ON THE BATTLEFIELD."—Who wrote this, and when? It begins thus:

'Tis now the dead of night, and half the world
Is with a lonely, solemn darkness hung.

—*Marie Stirling Riddell.*

Gather ye roses while ye may,
Old time is still a-fying.—*John Brock.*

That long disease my life.—*Vernon Brock.*

I would not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more.—*Carla Devas.*

HISTORY.

NATIONAL GALLERY.—Who was the founder of the National Gallery, and what was the date of its foundation?—*Edward Tudor Long.*

PRINCE ARTHUR.—Is the story of Arthur and Hubert in Shakespeare's "King John" historically true?—*Effie Cornish.*

HANDSOME MONARCH.—Who was the most good-looking King England has ever had?—*Barbara Monkton.*

MARY AND JAMES II.—Did Mary remain friendly with her father after the accession to the throne of herself and William III.?—*Wilfrid Tompkins.*

GENERAL.

CHRISTMAS CARDS.—What was the origin of the old Christmas custom of exchanging Christmas cards, and where did it originate?—*Jennie Gums.*

CHRISTENING OF SHIPS.—What originated the custom of using wine in christening ships?—*Florrie Kerr.*

CHESTNUTS.—Why are old jokes branded as "chestnuts"?—*Sydney Thomas.*

MARCH HARE.—What do people mean when they say "You are as mad as a March hare"?—*William Barnes.*

DOGS.—Why does a dog turn round two or three times before it lies down to go to sleep?—*Lizzie Dizon.*

SPALPEEN.—What is the meaning and origin of the Irish word "spalpeen"?—*Harry Sparkes.*

WALL OF ICE.—Captain Cook says in his Antarctic voyage that as far south as Mount Erebus and Mount Terror there is an endless wall of ice barring further progress. Does this wall of ice really exist?—*Edgar Reginald Mozey.*

WILTSHIRE "MOONRAKERS."—Can any one explain the expression Wiltshire "Moonrakers"? In that county I once heard the lines—

Yer cute excisevin vrum the town
Wur tuke in by a Willsheer clown,

which seemed to have some connection.—*Edith Skep.*

***PIGEONS AND DOVES.**—I have always noticed with all birds, especially pigeons and doves, that when they are looking at a particular object they put their heads on one side, as if using one eye only. Is this so or not, or are they really looking at two things at once?—*Dora S. Johnson.*

COFFEE-HOUSES.—When and by whom were literary coffee-houses started? I am very anxious to find out about them, and whether they were like the men's clubs of to-day.—*Dora S. Johnson.*

Answers

LITERATURE.

"DAVID COPPERFIELD."—David is Dickens himself, and Micawber is Dickens' father. David's first wife was Dora Spenlow; but at the death of this pretty little child-wife he married Agnes Wickfield.—*Wilfred Pearson.*

POB'S RAVEN.—It would seem at first sight that an owl would have been more appropriate, as it was the bird sacred to Pallas, on whose bust it alighted. A raven was, however, the bird used, as it has a more gloomy significance.—*Dennis Bird.*

"FAERIE QUEEN."—We know that Spenser intended to write twenty-four books in the complete story of the "Faerie Queen" by a letter he wrote to a friend of his, mentioning how he wished to finish the story.—*Margaret Cook.*

HISTORY.

UNION JACK.—James I. devised the first Union Jack, but it did not come into use till 1707, on the union of England and Scotland. At first only the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew were placed on the flag; and the cross of St. Patrick was added on the union of Ireland and England in 1801.—*Eleanor T. Harle.*

GENERAL.

***BUTTONS.**—The two buttons on the back of a gentleman's coat originally served to prevent his sword-belt from slipping down below the waist. Their introduction is by some supposed to be due to the fact that at one time coat-tails were detachable.—*Edith Skep.*

[Answers also from Edmund Tudor Long, Wilfred Pearson, Marie Stirling Riddell, Gladys Brooke, and others.]

PREFACE.—Preface is an explanation usually spoken before, or the introduction to a book; it is derived from the Latin *præ*, before, and *fatus*, to speak.—*Eleanor T. Harle.*

[Answers also from Marie Stirling Riddell and others.]

WRONG SIDE OF THE BED.—You got out of bed the wrong way, or with the left leg foremost. Said of a person who is patchy and ill-tempered. It was an ancient superstition that it was unlucky to set the left foot on the ground first on getting out of bed. The same superstition applies to putting on the left shoe first, a "fancy" not yet wholly exploded.—*Wilfred Pearson.*

MARRIAGE.—The engagement-ring is placed on the third finger of the left hand for the same reason as the wedding-ring—in the belief that there is a vein in that finger which leads directly to the heart: it dates back to the time of Egyptian antiquity.—*Edith Skep.*

MARRIAGE.—If a lady and gentleman are engaged the ring is to be worn on the second finger; if married, on the third finger. A ring given in marriage was anciently used as a seal. The delivery of a ring was a sign that the giver endowed the person who received it with all the power he himself possessed (Gen. xli. 42).—*Wilfred Pearson.*

JOHN BROWN.—The meaning of the lines said of John Brown is that although he is dead his memory is still green, and his works have lived after him.—*Marie Stirling Riddell.*

JOHN BROWN'S BODY.—John Brown was an American Abolitionist. He was tried and executed by a southern court for conspiring to get the slaves to rebel. They, however, did not rise. The effect which his execution produced throughout the Northern States was electric. And in the following year the Civil War was seen to be inevitable. From 1861 to 1865 the Republic was torn by the bloodiest struggle of modern days; and ever as the Northern armies went forth in campaign they marched to the music of "John Brown." It means that though John Brown was dead his purpose was being carried on. The refrain of this splendid battle hymn was written by John Ward Howe on the outbreak of the Civil War. See Mr. Stead's "Hymns that have helped."—*Frank Clayton.*

LUKE'S LITTLE SUMMER.—Called by the French l'été de St. Martin; hence the phrase, "L'été de la S. Denis à la S. Martin," from October 9th to November 11th, meaning generally the latter end of autumn.—*Wilfred Pearson.*

ROYAL POETS.—A further answer received from Harry Sparkes.

[Marie Stirling Riddell is disqualified for not sending in either a voucher or a competition coupon and Frank Clayton for not sending a coupon.]

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